TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

On Tuesday night I listened to my old friend, my ideal friend, William Rapp Meredith, as he addressed an audience which was only limited by the size of the Pavilion. While he spoke, that immense audience, many of them standing, seemed so impressed by the message he had to deliver that each unseated auditor, as he grew tired, seemed careful to move from one foot to the other as noiselessly as possible. I would not allege that Mr. Meredith's rhetoric is of the sort which holds a listener spellbound, enraptured; it is not. It is the man. God doesn't make men like him every day. The nobility of his nature, the elevation of his character, the lofty impulses which move him are attractive to every one who does not rudely deny his own soul the right of judging of the worth of a man by those unerring instincts which make us acquainted with goodness and ability. I shall not attribute to him the cunning equipment of the politician; he lacks it. I have often wondered if he really possessed the astute mentality of the successful politician. He is so candid and so ingenuous, so unlike the ruck of politicians that one could not rate him without berating all others. At the risk of seeming a devotee, I unhesitatingly pronounce him a brilliant exception to every other politician I ever knew. He is accessible without being cheap, companionable without being familiar, lovable without being effusive. His demeanor is that of the gentleman, yet his constituents call him "Bill" even while they, by every instinctive courtesy, treat him as their superior and let him know by every device of affection that their familiarity is but a means of expressing in one word a feeling which would be cheapened if it found conventional expression.

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While he spoke of the business aspects of his opposition to the Government I was surprised at the strength of his position, but at the same time anxious to hear him seize upon those questions which his detractors had said he would avoid or endeavor to obscure. When at last he grasped them and with a burst of eloquence defined his position and the responsibility he felt in touching upon subjects which are so closely interwoven with our tenderest and most holy impulses, I felt in him that swelling pride and unreasonable delight which every loyal friend experiences when good and brave things are said by those he likes.

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SATURDAY NIGHT is not a political paper and it is not my intention to devote this page to politics even during the time when political matters are almost the chief topic of conversation. Yet it must be remembered that comments on the events of the week must necessarily be influenced by any all-absorbing topic which may arise. In the Province of Ontario this month but little will be talked of by the men who gather themselves together except the issues of the campaign. Speculations as to whether Mowat will go or Meredith will come and a scanning of the indictment which each will bring against the other will absorb the daily newspapers almost to the exclusion of any other matter. No doubt many of the readers of daily papers will feel themselves aggrieved inasmuch as they don't care for politics and get heartily sick of the discussion. Though these are not in the majority yet they are a very considerable minority, and they look in vexation for the name of more than one viand on their journalistic bill of fare. The majority, however, during the heat of the campaign care for nothing but their favorite topic. General Hawley, in addressing a Michigan audience, once said, "This country will never be safe until every man is a politician." One of his auditors rose up and replied, "Sit down, then, general; the country is safe." Every man who cares for his family, and every growing boy when he has arrived at an age when he can understand something about the government of the country should be a politician in the sense of studying the questions which the people are called upon to decide. Too many join themselves to a political party and leave their thinking to be done by the leaders and editors of their faction. When this is the case the rank and file are almost sure to be made the dupes of designing men who, when confronted with the evidences of their misconduct, point to similar misdeeds of the other party and appeal to the fanaticism of their partisans. In this way the "you're-another-argument" has become the chief weapon of defence. Thoughtfulness and thoroughness too seldom mark the electors' study of political problems; they don't work out the details and verify the results; they accept the arithmetic and bookkeeping of their leaders, log-rolling passes for logic, taunts as sharp replies and abuse as sufficient answer. Occasionally, however, a subject appeals to the general mind. Arithmetic is not necessary to its comprehension; its effect upon the people and its bearing upon the politician may be seen at a glance, and if it so happens that it is a question upon which much public concern is felt the electorate may be relied upon to form their own opinions and to sharply reprimand their leaders if any attempt is made to becloud the issue and mislead the voter. Such, it seems to me, are the issues which Mr. Meredith placed before his hearers. There were no abstruse conundrums with regard to bookkeeping, no theories regarding the commercial situation. Appeal was made to the long established belief that it is necessary for the good of the country that Church and State shall be entirely separated; that power instead of being centralized should be localized; that patronage should not be absorbed by the government under any specious plea in order that it may be used for the bribing of the leaders of the people and the debasing of those who by activity or superior information acquire an influence over their neighbors.

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The *Globe* of Wednesday accuses Mr. Meredith of having "fulminated against Roman Catholics with excessive fervor." This is absolutely untrue. No man could have spoken with more caution or greater kindness while he urged that that section of the State school set apart for the children of Roman Catholics should not become the property of and be entirely controlled by the bishops or be inspected by men specially appointed for the purpose or taught by those who had not been subjected to the examinations usually undergone by our public school teachers. He did not believe that the government should consent to the text books used in the Separate Schools being unaccepted and unauthorized. He regretted that Separate Schools had ever been established, and fearlessly urged that they either be administered rightfully and freed to the general inspection and control of the government, or that an agitation be set on foot at once for their abolition.

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The *Globe* says, with equal untruthfulness, that Mr. Meredith also fulminated against the French-Canadian people. He did nothing of the sort, and it is strange that a newspaper so widely circulated and so long established should, without a shadow of excuse, indulge in bare-faced falsehood in aid of the party whose organ it is. No one who was present at the Pavilion meeting could read the *Globe* the next morning and continue to respect a paper which employs such discreditable tactics. I do not say it is alone in such methods. No matter how numerous similar sinners may be it does not make less deplorable criticisms which are unfair and allegations scandalously untrue. Perhaps it is because such comments are indulged in that politics become exceedingly distasteful reading. If they believed more in the good sense and good judgment of their readers the newspapers would not be wilfully employed in disseminating falsehood and misrepresentations. Before the month is over we shall have much of it, and as discredit will be cast to a greater or less degree upon the impartiality of everything which is written, I shall endeavor to avoid burdening the columns at my disposal with politics.

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It is hinted that Mr. J. C. Rykert will be an independent candidate for the vacant seat in Lincoln—a seat from which he rose just a few moments before the chair was to have been pulled from under him. If he runs there will be one thing we can all admire in his course, and that will be his nerve, that hard and flinty cheek which cannot be perforated by anything less than a stroke of lightning. I am told that Mr. Rykert was one of the most industrious, painstaking, indomitable representatives who ever sat in Parliament. He was never tired of writing letters and attending to all the wants of his constituents, and he gained a solidity thereby which was astonishing. It proves how much a man can do in consolidating his constituents, but it must not be forgotten that he had some small ability, and that his invulnerability was largely the result of moral obliquity which prevented him from realizing the gravity of his own misdeeds. I am told that he does not yet comprehend that he has done anything wrong, that, in fact, he feels that he is an injured man. One cannot account for this sort of moral idiocy but it frequently exists. It is to be hoped in Mr. Rykert's instance it won't again exist in parliament or be shown to be so prevalent in the county of Lincoln that the man who became unendurable even in the nostrils of politicians—politicians who can endure almost anything except to be out of office—is still the "ideal" statesman of a large section of the community. Good-bye, Rykert; you need not leave us your address; the world is anxious to forget your whereabouts!

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The burning of Longue Pointe Insane Asylum is one of the most terrible calamities of the year. In considering the catastrophe deeds of heroism first seize upon the imagination and we are enrapt in admiration for the bravery and devotion of the Nuns of Providence in whose charge the asylum was. To me nothing has ever appealed with such force as the self sacrifice of women who, forsaking the joys and loves of a home life, devote themselves to good works, to ministering to the sick and sorrowful, to the regeneration of the fallen. The most violent anti-papist cannot be forced into insulting a Sister of Charity; I cannot imagine any creature so debased as to vilify her work; her motives, her womanliness. During the burning of Longue Pointe Asylum, deeds of heroism, of refined and self-sacrificing devotion to others were seen and will be remembered.

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Yet—how hard it is to intrude such a word!—yet the disaster reveals to us, to the people of Quebec, not perhaps as a scandal but as a lesson, the unfortunate and improper method followed by the Quebec Government in dealing with its insane. It appears they are farmed out at $100 per head to institutions willing to take charge of them! It is not long ago that in some States in the neighboring Union, vagrants, imbeciles and paupers were sold to the bidder who would pay the most for their services, or accept the smallest compensation for their maintenance! I quote this to show that Catholic countries are not alone to blame for the imprudent—if not negligent—treatment of the unfortunate. What a terrible incentive there must have been to the contractor for the maintenance of paupers, to steal a profit from the lips and back of the unfortunate! When the insane are given into the charge of a religious order, the danger is reduced to a minimum, but not banished. No one would suggest that unfortunates farmed out in this way would be starved or unsheltered, but the fear does arise that unscientific methods may be adopted in the absence of special and necessary training on the part of the Mother Superior and her staff. The proper treatment of the insane is a science not the result of devoutness or the sanctity of life! It should be in the hands of those selected by the state, and paid by the state, no matter what the necessary cost may be. Farming out lunatics to a corporation, no matter whether it is lay or secular, is a mediæval method, and in many instances must lead to grave abuses. Where the state is responsible, abuses are open to the touch of inquiry and no advantage can be gained, under proper regulations, by depriving the unfortunate of food, warmth, clothing or scientific treatment. Surely Quebec will take warning and modernize its system. Must another holocaust come before it is recognized that science and its belongings, not prayer and devotees, are the proper surroundings of the demented. Whatever force there may be in the contention that the sick and afflicted should be surrounded by those who are religious and able to give pious comfort to the suffering and dying, it does not apply to the insane. They are incapable of appreciating, they can receive no benefit from the ministry of a religious order and it is a crying evil that modern methods are still rejected.

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As I came down town the other day I saw a richly dressed woman with a very badly dressed little girl. The mother was gentle and considerate, but the disparity in their clothing was so noticeable that I took unusual pains to see whether it was the result of carelessness, selfishness or bad taste. The youngster seemed satisfied, and when she asked for candies got them at once. The mother seemed proud of the comfortably but tastelessly dressed little girl, and as no one seemed to be unhappy over it, I thought perhaps I ought not to worry. That afternoon I saw a four-year-old girl on King street and she was dressed with such care that her slight beauty was made most striking. The toddler was quite conscious of her charms and looked up at me with a conscious glance which might have belonged to a girl of eighteen. Little Lady Fauntleroy paused in front of a candy store and clamored for some sweets; the mother seized her hand and absolutely "yanked" her back into the procession, exclaiming, "Haven't I told you never," etc. I decided I would rather be the dowdy, shabby little girl than the one with the pretty clothes, but I wondered if there were no middle course, one in which good-natured mothers do not forget that proper dressing helps little girls to form pretty tastes and habits without turning babies into gay little dolls and jerking an arm almost out when they are overcome by the temptation of a candy window and act naturally.

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The young Emperor of Germany seems to have set the fashion among royalty of "going visiting." Numerous royal personage are moving about, and Canada is likely to have several of them before the year is out. Royalty, unlike the more commonplace people, cannot slip a shawl over its head and go out and talk to the neighbors over the back fence. Their incomings and outgoings have to be so circumspect that life must be an intolerable bore. Servants to dress them as soon as they rise from their beds, ladies and lords-in-waiting to see that they don't fall down when they go to breakfast and butlers and other gorgeous beings to watch them eat and a continued retinue always at their heels, they can scarcely have an hour to themselves. It must be much nicer to have less of everything, except rest and seclusion. Even the poor prince who is coming over here must be seized upon and addressed and gazed upon until his travels are made up of a few trips across the ocean where there is nothing to see, trains hurrying across continents where there is but little to see and a sea of upturned faces when he halts at a station where, no doubt, he earnestly wishes that he could not be seen. Kings may have a heap of fun, but I feel quite sure that they don't get as much as everyday mortals. They have to run away with some companions when they want a lark and the result is very apt to be the wildly hilarious spree which men indulge in when they are let loose after long restraint.

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Of all the men who are to be feted and lionized no king or prince is so prominent as Explorer Stanley; he is everywhere received as the lion of the hour. I wonder if he likes it. It seems to me a very little of that sort of thing would go a long way with a man who has been shut up in the jungles of Africa for years. I suppose he has a good deal of quiet fun when he is going through the court bows and presentations to royalty, comparing our civilized monarchs and their huge belief in themselves with King Jib Jab and Onga Jonga and the other barbarous and unclothed potentates before whom he had to bow and scrape, and to whom he gave glass beads and old plug hats as tokens of his profound respect for their greatness. Kings and princes, somehow, always remind one of those feudal times when men had not learned that might was not right—that hereditary royalty was not divine or that the "choice of the people" was the greatest honor which could be conferred upon a man. Kings and queens and emperors who are doing honor to Mr. Stanley, when they treat him with the condescension which must always be assumed by one whose greatness is titular rather than intrinsic, must feel their own littleness as compared with that of a man who has opposed death in every form, penetrated into unexplored and almost unknown forests, braved the dangers of flood and mountain, and given to the world a new continent as well as bestowing upon the peoples of darkest Africa the possibility of freedom, enlightenment and—rum. It is to be regretted that the commercial world is more absorbed by the opportunities of sending to the Africans things which they don't need to wear, which it is not necessary for them to eat and which they absolutely should not drink, than in ridding the enslaved tribes and degraded people of the tyranny of bestial rulers and the horrors of the slave trade. African trading companies are quarreling with each other in their eagerness to seize upon the newly-discovered districts, and it is not impossible that the naked African will yet have the pleasure of showing how inferior he is in the art of killing his fellow man to the enlightened Christian who wants his patronage. Ordinarily this is one of the earliest spectacles afforded to the newly-discovered heathen. In the meantime Mr. Stanley is almost the most conspicuous man in civilization. We were waiting so long for him to be discovered, and we had to wait so long for the expedition sent to discover him to be discovered, that now when he is really and truly discovered people are anxious to see the man all this fuss was made about and the cynical newspaper paragrapher is quietly hinting that very much of this lost and found business was done for effect and that Stanley is about the sharpest showman on this earthly route. It does not matter; he will never get to be real common until he starts lecturing.

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Attention is being called in the *Fair Trader*, *Leeds Mercury* and other influential English journals to the fact that in Australia and Canada Imperial Federation without some fiscal advantage to the colonies entering into such a compact would not be acceptable. This is a fact. The effort to make sentimentalism the basis of Imperial Federation was tried and, except in a few scattered instances governed by special circumstances, it was a failure. While we cannot afford to deny the strength of sentiment as a factor in moulding the destinies of nations we are confronted by the fact that in Canada the English-speaking population, which is largely British in origin and loves Britain, is made up of men or the descendants of men who did not

REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

love the old land well enough to stay there while they could make money in Canada. They came here in pursuit of material advantages and the same impulse we may be sure will lead them to guide the destiny of this country, all else being equal, towards the greatest profit for themselves. It doesn't require the preponderance of profit to be in favor of an Imperial tariff favoring the colonies, sentiment would surely incline us to accept less than we could get from a stranger or enemy, but that sentiment is not strong enough to induce us to bear a cross without some show of a crown, and the sooner Great Britain realizes this and the whole of her colonies, the less talk we shall hear of proposed alliances, distasteful to us and dangerous to the Empire. DON.

Social and Personal.

During the past few weeks the fashionable social function has been the theater-party. Gay they are, too, these rather informal meetings to discuss world-famed music, with the after gathering at the pretty homes of the hostesses, where delightfully arranged suppers are seasoned with musical bon-mots and varying criticisms.

The after-theater supper has taken upon itself daintiness, freshness and novelty. One given of late was characterized by its yellow color. The polished table bore an elegant fanciful creation of yellow in exquisite embroidery. Yellow candles flung down from yellow shades pretty flame-colored flashes which danced in the silver of the candlesticks. Yellow roses in cut-glass bowls added their beauty, and for each lady was a cluster of the same hued flowers tied with a wide yellow ribbon.

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Another after-theater supper was a pink one. The details were carried out in rose-hued shades. Baskets filled with pink roses decorated the table, and clusters were bound with pink ribbons. What could be more delightful than music, then roses—exquisite roses! The one-color supper has proved itself a charming success.

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At the recent operatic performances at the Grand Opera House brilliant assemblies filled the house to the doors, but between the acts, when the contrary should, of course, have been the case, the lighting of the auditorium was so bad that without opera glasses faces could hardly be recognized across the house, and beauties of dress could not be distinguished. Again and again I heard it asked, "Why don't they light the central chandelier?" It was difficult to see exactly why they did not. *Verbum sap.*

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Who that has ever been in England does not remember the beautiful bowling-green, laid out more than a century ago, and now, if not large enough for a tennis court, generally unused? The turf is beautiful as only turf can be that has been mowed and rolled for a hundred years and in a damp climate. At the back there is invariably a semi-circular bank of some six feet or more, whence the game could be overlooked, flanked by stately cedars or melancholy yews, which were doubtless planted to give shade to the spectators. Nowadays, in England, the game is hardly heard of, but in Ontario of late years it has begun to flourish. Its similarity to curling, for which game the facilities are here so great, is probably the main cause of its growing popularity.

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One would have thought that the sporting editors of the daily press would have known that Pettit of Boston is the champion of tennis, that is court tennis, which is a totally different game from lawn tennis. Yet cablegrams concerning the matches which Pettit is now playing in England have been invariably headed "lawn tennis."

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It is expected that the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen will visit Hamilton this summer.

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Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh, who has been absent from the city for the past six months, has returned and will give an At Home on Saturday next.

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Mrs. W. D. Burn and Mrs. Henry Holland of Cobourg are the guests of Mrs. James Crowther of Bloor street.

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The Edward Lloyd concert drew together a goodly representation of society's daughters. Pretty gowns, however, were almost forgotten, for the singer was famous and—a man. It is said of Mr. Lloyd that at home he is an ardent fowl fancier and has a special fondness for gardening. His rising hour makes one yawn a little in spite of the sunny days. It is half-past seven. In the morning he practices and writes letters. In the afternoon walks or drives and, when not singing, retires at ten. The large audience was composed of those who came to learn, those who came to be entertained, those who would have moved their little earth to come for fashion's sake, and a great mass of men and women who just drifted in—to kill time. The enthusiasm was a pleasing feature of this concert. Handsome dresses, daintily dressed hair, and pretty feminine "fixings" are aided, oh! so much, by the interested faces with their flashing eyes and parted smiling lips. Among those present I noticed: Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Violet Seymour, Mrs. McCrae, Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Agnes Thomson.

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Next week is an important one, and society's phase of life will probably be theater parties before all else.

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The Grenadiers' promised galetics will cause a great flutteration of hearts and a great deal of planning as to dress. The Kendals' three-nights appearance will also gather together fashion and beauty, for the comedy exponents from the old world won many admirers on the occasion of their last visit here. Then, too, there are three lectures by Mr. Kennan. So the cup of entertainments is quite full for next week, and I shouldn't wonder if some missed what they will declare they "wanted to attend most of all."

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The annual games of the Upper Canada College took place yesterday.

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Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason and the Misses Mason of Barrie are spending part of the summer in the city and are residing at 106 John street.

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Miss Holcroft of Orillia and the Misses Ramsay of Hamilton sailed from New York for England on Wednesday. The voyage is made by the Britannic, and the trip will include a continental tour occupying five months in all.

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The Band of Hope May festival which took place Friday of last week was well attended. Rev. W. F. Wilson was in the chair. There was over two hundred children on the platform, and they as well as the large audience enjoyed the varied programme which was provided. The committee of ladies included Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Berkinshaw, Misses Wood, Clark, Corbett, and Burritt.

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Miss Evans of Orillia is the guest of Mrs. George Evans of Grange avenue.

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The second lecture delivered at the Canadian Military Institute was delivered last night by Col. D. S. Irwin, Inspector of Artillery. The subject was Reconnaissances: Road Sketching Without Instruments.

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On Tuesday evening, April 29, a very enjoyable time was spent by the members of the Pickwick Debating Society and their friends at 12 Major street, the home of their most hospitable vice-president, Mr. W. C. Jephcott. The president of the society, Mr. W. H. P. Weston, occupied the chair, and in his happiest manner introduced the various speakers. After a very sumptuous repast the toasts were drunk as follows: Our Queen and Country, The Society, The Ladies, The Host, The Guests and The Officers. Among those present were Messrs. W. Jephcott, sr., W. Stone, R. Macdonald, F. Bungay, H. Wright, H. A. Sherrard, Thomas Roden, John Irving, Frank Roden, James Jephcott, H. J. Reeve, Cal. Shaw, H. N. Harwood, James Litster, J. D. Kelly, Alfred Jephcott, Byron Jacques and Bert Shaw. During the evening the members presented the host with a valuable cane as a token of their esteem of his many good qualities.

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A correspondent sends me, from St. Paul, Minn., an account of the marriage of Mr. George H. Lemon to Miss Gertie Worden. Mr. Lemon is an old Upper Canada College boy and is now in business in St. Paul Park, a flourishing suburb of that western city.

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Mrs. and Mrs. George Lugsdin left on Thursday for a couple of weeks' visit to New York and Boston.

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Mr. William Barry, late of the Standard Bank, Toronto, has been promoted to the position of cashier of a large bank in Seattle, Wash., to which place he removed about a year ago.

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Bugler A. D. Brown of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club has gone on a three months' business and pleasure tour through the North-West and British Columbia.

Rev. William S. Rainsford, D.D.

Our frontispiece picture this week is a portrait which will be looked upon with interest by many people in Toronto on account of the connection of its subject for a time with St. James' Cathedral in this city. Dr. Rainsford is at the present time rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in Stuyvesant Square, New York. When seven years ago he left Toronto to take charge of that church the prospects of making anything of it were not encouraging. It had been a fashionable church at one time, but the encroachments of commerce on the neighborhood had driven out the wealthier people so that the congregation had dwindled to almost nothing. By instituting many reforms, abolishing pew rents and organizing mission work of the most practical character, Dr. Rainsford has made his church one of the most fruitful and active religious centers of the city. He is a firm advocate of free seats in churches and has recently contributed a powerful article to the discussion on that question.

The *Illustrated American*, from which our portrait is reproduced, publishes the following short biography: "Dr. Rainsford was born in Dublin in 1850. He comes of a military family, although his father is a clergyman of the Church of England. Two of his ancestors were colonels in the Long Parliament, and another, Sir William Taylor, who served in India with the Royal Engineers, was made a C.B. in recognition of his services in blowing up the gates of Delhi during the Indian Mutiny. Dr. Rainsford first visited America in 1857, for the benefit of his health. With a companion he ventured into the Rocky Mountains, and made the trip from Saint Paul to Vancouver's Island. This was a remarkable and perilous exploit in those days, when the country was infested with hostile Indians. Long before reaching their destination the travelers' clothes were worn out, and they were obliged to make new garments from the skins of animals. They lived, of course, on what they could shoot, but game of all kinds was so plentiful that no difficulty was experienced in this respect. From Fort Colville to Dalles they ran the rapids of the Columbia River, a really foolhardy undertaking for a couple of greenhorns. Dr. Rainsford looks grave now when he talks about it, but he had injured his foot and could not ride, so their horses were sold at the military post and a boat purchased to finish the journey in.

"With his health completely restored young Rainsford returned to England and entered St. John's College, Cambridge. During his four years at the 'Varsity he was captain of his college boat and went in for athletics generally. After his ordination in 1874 he accepted the curacy of a church in Norwich, and for many years labored in that subordinate position, rejecting during that time several offers of appointment to lucrative livings. He attributes his success as rector of St. George's to the experience and training of those years. In 1881 Dr. Rainsford, having meanwhile resigned his curacy, again visited this country. He rode all over the Big Horn mountains, which were then full of deer, elk and bear, and remained for some time in the West, killing plenty of game and adding to his reputation as a crack shot. It was not, however, until 1885 that he killed his first grisly. He has slain several since, and his study in St. George's rectory is adorned with some magnificent antlers, the head of a huge grisly, and many other trophies of his hunting expeditions.

"Dr. Rainsford came to St. George's from Toronto. He had resumed ministerial work in the mission field, and after two years of that labor had become senior assistant in St. James' Cathedral in Toronto, where, for a time, he had sole charge. He takes a long vacation every summer, and invariably spends it in the West, for he says there is no land where Nature recreates a man as she does there.

"The rector of St. George's is six feet two inches tall. Handsome, keen-eyed, enthusiastic, courageous, he is every inch a man. He is married to an English lady, and has three bright boys. There is a trace of Irish accent in his voice, which is clear and flexible. His sermons are vigorous and up to, sometimes even ahead of, the times. His miscellaneous congregation is proud of him, and the young people, especially, appreciate the way in which he has provided for their recreation. There is a smoking-room, as well as a gymnasium and library, in the Memorial Parish House of St. George's, and the reverend doctor has, during his pastorship, won more hearts by his sympathy with and encouragement of healthful recreations than mere piety and sermons could win in a century."

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Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The following items were received too late for publication last week:

Tuesday evening, April 22, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Powell of Rideau street gave a small dance.

The members of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association gave a dance the same evening. Owing to the hot weather the number of guests was not so large as might have been expected, but, notwithstanding, a most enjoyable evening was spent.

On April 30 the Misses Nagle opened the new house on Metcalfe street recently purchased by Mr. Richard Nagle, by a delightful housewarming, in the shape of a large ball. Some hundred guests availed themselves of the opportunity of a dance, and the evening passed off most successfully.

Thursday evening, May 1, Mrs. Thomas Cross of Wilbrod street gave a small impromptu dance.

On Friday evening Mrs. Ridout of Lisgar street gave a small dance to which about thirty people were invited. Among those present were Lieut. Girouard, R. E., and Lieut. Panet, R. E., of Chatham, England, and Mr. F. Girouard of Montreal.

The same evening Mrs. Foster, wife of the Finance Minister, entertained about sixty of her friends at a literary evening, the subject being An Evening with Dickens.

On Saturday afternoon last a cricket match was played between the Bankers of Ottawa and the Rideau Club, on the grounds of the Ottawa Cricket Club, resulting in an easy victory for the Bankers. Mr. Lewis of the Merchants' Bank ran up the good score of 57. Some thirty people watched the game from beginning to finish. In fact the Saturday afternoon cricket matches are one of the "swagger" things to take in.

Sir John Macdonald entertained at dinner the following gentlemen on Saturday evening: Hon. Mr. Bowell, Hon. Mr. Carling, Hon. Mr. Smith, Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Sir Adam Archibald, K.C.M.G., Hon. Mr. de Blois, Hon. Mr. de Boucherville, Hon. Mr. Dever, Hon. Mr. McKay, Hon. Mr. Merrer, Hon. Mr. Montgomery, Hon. Mr. Odell, Hon. Mr. James Reid, Mr. Bell, M.P., Mr. Coughlin, M.P., Mr. Gigault, M.P., Mr. LaRiviere, M.P., Mr. Masson, M.P., Mr. Alex. McKay, M.P., Mr. Ropel, M.P., Mr. Fred White, Mr. Joseph Pope.

The great excitement of Saturday last was the Dominion bye-election, in which society figured very prominently all day long, and which resulted in the return of the favorite, socially speaking, and especially so far as society of Sandy Hill was concerned, viz., Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, the genial and popular host of 146 Daly avenue.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at Mr. F. W. White's on Saturday evening when, by invitation of Mrs. White, several of Mr. D. C. Campbell's friends assembled to wish him adieu on the eve of his departure for the Western Territories. While out west Mr. Campbell will perform the pleasing service of best man to his brother-in-law-elect, on the occasion of the marriage of his sister, Miss Jean Campbell.

Hon. Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron gave a dinner on Saturday last, to which the following ladies and gentlemen were invited: Hon. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Carling, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Small, Mr. A. W. Ross, M.P., Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., Lieut.-Col. Denison, M.P., Mr. Burns, M.P., and Miss Burns, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. W. Currier, Major and Mrs. Chapleau, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Isbester, Mr. and Mrs. E. Skead, Major and Mrs. Heron, Mr. A. Ferguson, Q.C., Mr. Bell, Mr. Kimber, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and Mr. Beverley Robinson.

Monday morning last a pleasant event took place at the residence of Hon. Mr. Justice Patterson of the Supreme Court of Canada, Argyle avenue, when the judge's youngest daughter, Sarah, was married to Mr. George Sherwood Holden of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. T. Herridge, pastor of St. Andrew's church.

Lawn tennis has already been commenced at several private houses, among others at Mrs. Schreiber's of Stewarton, and at Lindenlea, Lady Middleton's residence. The Rideau Hall grounds are not quite in condition yet; but when they are several invitations for quiet lawn tennis parties may be expected.

Mrs. T. J. Watters of Daly avenue gave a small impromptu At Home Monday evening last.

Among the M.P.'s who have figured prominently in society this season were Messrs. Prior, Mara and Barnard of British Columbia. These popular gentlemen left for their respective homes on Saturday last.

Mrs. Thomas Cross of Wilbord street was At Home on Tuesday afternoon last from 5 to 6.30 p.m.

Miss Jessie Gordon of Metcalfe street gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday.

Britton, late of Leicestershire, England, has been engaged by the Ottawa Cricket Club as their professional, for the coming season. He arrived here from England on Wednesday last. He will probably take part in the match that is to come off this (Saturday) afternoon on the club grounds.

Mrs. William Smith was At Home on Tuesday evening last to a few friends. The evening was spent in divers kinds of amusement, and passed off, as is usual at that hospitable house, most pleasantly.

Mrs. R. W. Scott of Daly avenue gave a French tea the same afternoon. This innovation of French conversation "bees" is rapidly growing in favor and, as a consequence, the advocates of the abolition of the dual language system

" . . . tremble as they see,
The weakest Britons at the bee."

Lord Stanley of Preston and Hon. Edward Stanley, A.D.C., spent a couple of days in Montreal this week during which time His Excellency received, at McGill College, the honorary and honorable degree of Doctor of Laws. Several members of the newly formed McGill Graduates' Society of this city were present at the ceremony, among whom were: Professor Arnl, Mr. Burland, Dr. Bell, Dr. Selwyn and Sir James Grant.

A cricket match is to be played on the club grounds at Government House this afternoon between the House of Commons and Rideau Hall.

Mr. Halifax Hall, C.E., has returned from his trip to England and is the guest of Hon. R. W. Scott of Daly avenue.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

On Friday evening, May 2, the bachelors and benedicts of Toronto's thriving little suburb held their first annual ball. The affair, which was held in Campbell's Hall, was a thorough success in every particular. Votaries of Terpsichore flocked in from all parts of the district, and all went away thoroughly satisfied with the pleasant evening spent. The orchestra was first-class, and the excellent music caused the dancers to keep busy from "dewy eve" almost to "rosy morn." Both ball and supper-room were artistically and generously decorated, making the whole scene a very pleasing one. The floor was as near perfect for dancing purposes as it was possible to make it. The combined committee of Bachelors and Benedicts alike deserve great praise for the harmonious way in which they conducted the whole affair. The supper was all that could be desired. The following are a few of the two hundred present whom your correspondent noticed: Mrs. and Miss Cordingly, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. I. Peake, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gabel, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gabel, Mr. and Mrs. Clemmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. A. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Miss Sharp, Miss Bird, the Misses Thomson, Miss Botsford, the Misses Chapman of St. Catharines, the Misses Barnes, the Misses Wakefield, the Misses Meredith, Miss Craib, Miss Maclem, the Misses Moodie, Miss McMillan of Toronto, Miss Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kennedy, Miss Watson, Miss Flett, Miss Peacock, the Misses Reddie of Toronto, Mr. A. A. C. Denovan, Aid. Verral of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Rankin of Toronto, Mr. D. W. Clendenan (ex-Mayor), Dr. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Mr. A. Cordingly, Mr. E. W. A. Peake, Mr. A. W. Moore, Dr. Perfect, Mr. P. W. Wakefield, Mr. W. R. Skey, Mr. George McMurtry, Mr. R. Dalh R. Ramsay, Mr. J. W. Fair of Collingwood, Mr. J. M. Mouat-Biggs, Mr. V. Roberts, Mr. T. Pellows, Capt. Ashworth, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, Mr. William Medland, ex-Ald. and Mrs. Lapp, Mr. J. K. Thompson, Mrs. McDonald of Toronto, Mr. Irving.

•

Commercial Value of Beauty.

Mrs. Langtry's beauty was an endowment worth about $1,000,000. As a business venture she has paid interest at 6 per cent. on two million, but then she has off years, such as the one three years ago, when she dyed her hair, and this year, when she is harassed in a grim, malignant and raging way by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, Ouida, and George Eliot combined. In view of all this, why sneer at beauty on the stage? It makes the world wobble always on its beaten track, and casts a blush over the face of the moon.

Had Mrs. Brown-Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been quoted in seven figures.

A vivid idea of the commercial value of beauty may be had when one considers the cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is, she is undoubtedly the most capable and artistic actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a position far higher than nature at first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a commanding position in the first stock company in the country; but whenever statuesque and wooden Langtry makes $60,000 or $70,000 a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum.

Theatergoers, according to dramatic experts, are growing weary of the older professional beauties. Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not grow so, but were forced down to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads, and the renunciation of half the good things of life.

•

Romance Reduced to Figures.

There is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining. Of the heroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to the men of their choice, while 39 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not seem nearly as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb. Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 expressive eyes and 792 "shell-like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no special attribute. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples; 502 were blessed with sisters and 342 had brothers. In 47 cases mothers figured as heroines, with 112 children between them. Of these, 71 children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these married heroines were discovered to be bigamists, while seven husbands had notes found in their pockets exposing "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

•

Blood on the Moon.

Wife—My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog.

Husband—Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time.

Wife—But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog.

Husband (wildly)—Where's my gun?

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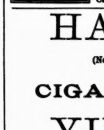
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Boudoir Gossip.

What a crowd of fawning, cringing people there are ready to cry "bravo" for the one who has favors to bestow. In my opinion the recipient of promiscuous benefactions is not self respecting. How we honor the one who will not ask a favor unless a real friendship warrants, and who disdain to accept an unsolicited one. "Pride"—you say. Well, it is pride but a proper kind to nourish. It is the pride which is another name for self-respect. It is that innate feeling of sufficiency for needs within one's self, and a dislike for superfluities conferred because circumstances demand their presentation or custom permits it.

What a lecture to be sure. It suggests up-in-the-air dignity, and I am not dignified. Nor would I measure gifts from dear friends by aught but the love that prompts them. It is not that I would argue coldness. I dislike disdain, but, oh, what a contempt I do entertain for the person who curries for favors, seeking to get for nothing what some one has to pay for. If the particular kind of scorn could reach them, it would raise a blister, but there—the motes have drawn my warm attention and the beams may require looking after.

•

What fascinating gems opals are. They pale, glow, flash and gleam, and while you are trying to name a tint, they are all gone—hidden in the heart of the fickle charmer.

In speaking of the opal's beauty, a day or two ago, I drew down on my somewhat rebellious and scornful head a reprimand for having aught of good to say about the unlucky stone.

"I have never yet known a person who wore an opal and did not suffer for possessing it," affirmed the superstitious one.

Can it be that any of us living to-day can see so dimly in the glass of life that we ascribe ill-luck and evil deeds to a jewel? Were we given reason to direct us, and was superstition then placed above it? Our actions surely cannot be controlled by every straw that floats in a stream, or every clover that happens to be four-leaved. I believe in an occult power, as far beyond our comprehension as the peculiar forces which direct and control the worlds of the universe; but I do not find my life-path turned this way and that by the thistle-down that is winged towards me or the particular inflection of a dog's howl.

If any one believes in "unlucky" signs the facts, collective and individual, must cause Mephistopheles to contort his features in the poor semblance of a smile, for they cannot but be aids to misery, and misery is his comedy.

•

To those who are tangling their brains in a wild endeavor to find a name for a summer cottage; to those who want to change the old one, in other words to hang out a new sign; to those who are earnestly striving to find something unique, I submit the following: Ye Chicken Coops, Ye Dug Out, Ye Caboose, Ye House That Jack Built, Ye Cloud-Capped Tower and Big Enough.

Aren't they funny? And they are said to be attached to real cottages—not fanciful ones—over in Yankee land.

•

The existing rage for gray gowns has revived a trimming that was formerly called Job's Tears. The adjuncts to a "good cry" are in this case small gray berries, found in the West Indies. They are combined with steel trimming, and the decided contrast between the dull berries and the glittering steel is spoken of as unique and artistic.

•

This year the old-fashioned flowers are the reigning favorites. Larkspur, wall-flowers, pinks, fox-gloves, hollyhocks, peonies, pansies, snapdragon and sweet-william will revel in their lately-restored glory, and delight the eyes with their welcome suggestions of long-past days.

What memories they will awaken, and how many, like me, will go back to childhood's days, stray in fancy down narrow walks and delight in the tints and breeze-borne perfumes which endeared the old garden to us. I am afraid that I distinctly recollect only the orange lilies with their dark spotted petals, but as I think the variegated tangle gives place to definite shape and color and a sweet odor drifts to me across the years from the garden filled with its old-fashioned flowers.

•

Dame Fashion sanctions the following statements, and she will probably not change her mind for at least a month:

Mauve is the leading color and will hold its own throughout the season.

Veils are worn longer and should cover the chin.

Velvet continues to be very popular, and is even used as trimming for cottons.

Some new gowns have the bodices finished off round the edge with a deep velvet band or girdle shaped to the figure, which gives the idea that the dress is all in one.

Russia leather gloves in brown and tan are a spring novelty.

Sailor hats are narrower as to brim, with a perceptible lowering of the crown in front. The most approved trimming is a bow, the ends of which stretch half way around the crown.

Green and gray is a combination at which artistic taste must preside, else the effect will be simply maddening.

A frill of lace is a desirable adjunct to bright colored flowers. The flimy creation in black or gray falls over the gorgeous floral beauties and subdues them while it adds to their beauty.

The polonaise is becoming very popular.

A dressy bodice decoration is in three V's. The first is the darker shade of the gown, the second the lighter; and the third, either a frilled chemisette of lawn and lace, or a quaintly folded kerchief of cream surah.

The plainest tailor-made dresses are considered the most fashionable for street wear.

Mohairs are much sought this year.

•

It was my misfortune to be seated behind a gruesome exhibition of bones at the Pavilion the other night.

I'm not ridiculously strait-laced about evening dress. I like to see a plump, prettily-curved arm and a well-shaped neck—I don't admire shoulders—but when nature has shaken her finger and doomed a girl to thinness, I think she should have a sufficient sense of the beautiful to cut her gowns accordingly.

The giddy young damsel in front of me wore a V-shaped dress and every time she moved her head forward her spinal column of course stretched out, and the movement of each separate vertibral division was quite apparent. Like a string of beads they moved up and down, while the muscles of her back stood out on each side dragging the skin along with them until it looked like a carving-knife, and one wondered involuntarily if it were sharp. Such an exhibition! Such a shameless dragging forth of ugliness! Oh, girls, I beseech you, never wear a low cut dress until you have satisfied yourself with a mirror's aid that the expansions and contractions of your spinal column are not visible. CLIP CAREW.

'Varsity Chat.

Messrs. J. H. Moss, B.A., '89, Harry O'Brien, B.A., '87, and G. A. McArthur, B.A., '87, are acting as presiding examiners at 'Varsity and the Biological Department.

•

The exams. are about half over. The largest number write at the Medical Council building on Richmond street. It is generally voted that it is easier to get first-class honors than climb the Himalayan stairs of that structure. Some insinuating individual has posted a notice up to the effect that examiners will be good enough not to spit on the floor. Now for the first time a good number have got their first glimpse at the interior of the Biological building. It is a remarkably finely fitted and finished place. A fine view is spread before the eye these spring mornings from the eastern windows. But the seats are so low as almost to break the back of the luckless writer—provided the paper leaves him intact.

•

The graduating group has at last been completed by Mr. J. Fraser Bryce. The artist has done his best to make the boys look handsome with what result, well—we prefer to await the verdict of posterity about that.

•

Captain Ivan Senkler, '90, has called the cricketers out to practice. The weather has been so fine of late as to make the over-worked student pine for a lodge in some wilderness or other where he could have a comfortable game of ball! Almost any day one can see Messrs. Garrett and Schultz decorating the lawn with their uniforms whether anybody else is out or not.

•

One could not wish for a prettier sight than a pretty young lady in cap and gown tripping to and from exams.—a sight to be seen these days quite frequently. More! NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. Ford-Jones, '89, visited his many friends in residence during the early part of the week. Mr. P. S. Lampman, '88, has also been a visitor at college. The above mentioned gentlemen have been writing on the law examinations.

•

The annual meeting of the Science Association will be held on Monday evening, the president, Mr. T. Smythe, occupying the chair. Mr. George Beamish, the retiring secretary, read a very favorable report, after which the election of officers for the coming year was proceeded with. President, Mr. T. Smythe, B.A., (re-elected); sec.-treasurer, Mr. A. J. Leighton; committee, Messrs. J. H. H. Coleman, J. Leech and Garrett.

•

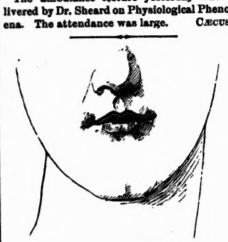
An inter-collegiate game of tennis is shortly to be played between 'Varsity and Trinity. The idea is a good one, and one can only be surprised that previous seasons have not seen a contest between these universities. Trinity will have some difficulty in picking out a quartette as there are few, if any, even moderately good players at college.

•

The cricket season at Trinity opens this afternoon with a single innings match with East Toronto on their grounds. The men have been practising hard, and as a batting team the College eleven is certainly strong, but the bowlers, with the exception of Grout—whose averages for the last few years have been little short of phenomenal—are weak, and there appears to be no new material. The fielding also will hardly come up to the old standard—which, by the way, is a very high one—unless some attention is paid to this important part of the game.

•

The ambulance lecture yesterday was delivered by Dr. Sheard on Physiological Phenomena. The attendance was large. CÆCUS.



"No 'tis not so deep as a well—nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough; 'twill serve."

Timely Advice.

"Not a very laudable enterprise you are engaging in," said a gentleman to a fellow who was posing on the corner ogling ladies as they passed.

"Can't I look at the women?" replied the fellow.

"Of course you can, sir, but permit me to say, sir, that you cannot go up in a woman's estimation by stares."—*National Weekly.*

Fine Tailoring.

Artistic tailoring is much more than a bombastic boast. It is that which imparts to a garment a hundred per cent. greater value than it would otherwise have. It is something for which men who dress well are willing to pay a fair price. The qualities that are necessary to artistic tailoring are manifold. It requires a thorough knowledge of the mechanical structure of garments, an ability to fit the human form properly, a judgment that is quick to decide correctly on the appropriate and a strict observance of the numberless subtle laws, the violation of which renders the production of the harmonious and beautiful impossible. Such are the qualities which are flourishing at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment, having just received an excellent line of black and blue serges and cheviots, also a choice assortment of light summer coats and vests which we are disposing of at very low prices. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

New Island Ferry.

Apropos of the opening of the Island season with all its festivities we are reminded that life, even on the Island, would not be enjoyable without good provision being made for the inner man, and to meet the growing demands in this respect Clark Bros., the indefatigable Island grocers, will on Monday, May 5, launch their new steamer, built purposely for the carrying trade of the Island. She is said by experts to be the staunchest, safest, and best modelled boat of her size ever built in Toronto harbor. She will be used entirely to facilitate the speedy delivery of freight, merchandise and so forth, required by the Islanders.

•

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

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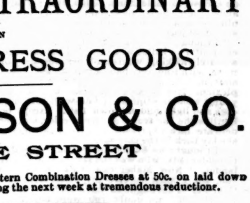

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c

CHAPTER I.

BREAKING COVER.

The last notes of an air from the Trovatore were dying out over the shining sea. The crowd which had gathered on the pier to listen to the band began to move and disperse, the music being over for that afternoon, a fine glowing August afternoon, tempered by the fresh, soft air breathing across the bay, crisping the water here and there and bringing a delightful saltness from the rippling waters.

The scene is Fordsea, a flourishing South coast bathing place, not altogether dependent for its prosperity on summer novels. Its attractions are of a more permanent character. Being in the close neighborhood of the naval and military station of Eastport, the officers of both services are glad to establish their families in the villas, terraces, crescents which border the grassy common intervening between them and the beach.

At the end of this pleasant common, furthest from the old *grey* fortifications which encircle the town, a pretty two-storied villa stood on an abrupt rising ground, from which it commanded a view over the wide bay to the towers guarding the entrance to the port, to the steeples and the tall masts over topping the grey walls. A veranda, its supports overgrown with roses and honeysuckle, ran along the side facing the sea, and a deep sward, with stopping grassy sides, surrounded it giving light and air to the basement. This veranda was evidently used as a morning-room, comfortable lounging chairs, a work-table laden with books, brightcolored silks and wools, a doll and a cup and ball lay about.

The carefully-kept garden was rich in flowers for the time of year, and opened by a rustic gate upon the common, here narrowed into a mere strip of green intervening between it and the sea.

On the beach in front of this dainty mansion a young lady was sitting on a ridge of shingle, bleached by sea and sea-water to perfect cleanliness, which afforded a comfortable resting-place. The young lady seemed made at ease. Her skirt of blue serge was turned up over a second skirt of white and blue, and caught up at the back in what used to be called "fishwife" fashion—the bodice fitting her slight supple figure easily, perfectly: a little foot in a dark blue stocking, and an incomparable shoe peeped forth as she stretched an open book on one knee, and a wide-brimmed sailor hat almost hid her face as she bent over the page

A big brown boat drawn up beside her made a shelter from the level rays of the sinking sun. Altogether she presented a pretty picture of quiet enjoyment.

As the last strains of the band died away a gentleman in boating attire strolled slowly across the grass, paused, looking round as if searching for something, and then came straight over the shingle towards her.

She heard his step and looked at her book with renewed attention, nor did she move till he stood beside her. Then she raised her face, an interesting, rather than a pretty face, somewhat brunette in complexion, and pale, with a warm paleness—a small, oval face, with a delicate chin and a very slight downward curve at the corners of the soft red mouth, that gave a pathetic expression to her countenance when in repose. Her eyes, too, which were her best feature—large eyes, with long, dark lashes, had a wistful, far away look, more suited to a saint than to their piquante owner.

The man who paused beside her was tall and slender, with a grace of movement not usual in an Englishman. He was darker, too, than ordinary Anglo Saxons, who rarely possess such blue black hair and flashing dark eyes as his. His well-cut, refined, but determined mouth was unshaded by moustaches, though a strong growth of black beard shadowed enough his clear olive brown skin. He smiled a soft, caressing smile as he threw himself on the sand at her feet, saying: "I thought you had gone on the pier with Callander."

"No, he has gone to the station to meet Mr. Standish, and Mabel has had the honor of a command from the Grand Duchess to drive with her."

The saintly-pathetic expression entirely disappeared, as she spoke with a swift, rich smile, and a flash of scorn from her "holy eyes."

"Ah," he returned, in an amused tone, "Why did you not go to meet your beloved guardian?"

"I never meant to go. I came out of the way to listen to the band here. Music is so charming as it comes fitfully on the breeze, and I enjoy it most alone."

"Well, it is over now, so I may venture to stay!"

"Oh, yes, if you like! But I am tired of sitting here. I want to match some silks. Do you mind, Mr. Egerton?"

"Not at all. As Madame de Stael says, '*etre avec ceux qu on aime*'—

"I is sound jut as well in English," she interrupted, laughing. "'To be with those we love is all-sufficient, etc., etc., etc.'—yes, it is a pretty sentiment."

"You are not in an amiable mood to-day, Miss Wynn. What book is this? Let me carry it for you. Ah! The Great Lone Land."

"Yes, it is charming—thank you," giving it to him.

"Don't you think it would be cruel to waste this lovely evening matching silks in a stuffy shop? Let us go along the common towards the pier. We may meet some of your party returning."

"Yes, let us go along by the sea." She turned as she spoke and directed her steps to a low grassy embankment which protected the common on the shore side.

They walked awhile in silence, Egerton's expression hardening as though his thoughts were not pleasant. Presently he began to speak on indifferent topics, and suddenly, after a pause, Miss Wynn asked: "Do you really think Colonel Callander seems better?"

"Yes, I do. I fancy the sunstroke which knocked him down was not severe. Good as an excuse to come home to his wife, perhaps, and—here she is," he exclaimed, interrupting himself, as a smart victoria and pair came up at a brisk pace and stopped beside them.

"I thought we might meet you," said the elder of two ladies who occupied the carriage, a stately-looking woman of perhaps sixty or more, with iron-gray hair, a thin lipped, close-shut mouth, and eyes too light for her complexion. Her companion was a beautiful young woman, exquisitely fair, with soft blue eyes and light golden-brown hair. Except on her lips she had scarce a trace of color, and her delicate face expressed pensive weariness as she lay back in the carriage.

"I thought we should meet you," repeated the elder lady, who was the Dowager Mrs. Callander. "Now Mabel insist on your driving you, for I must receive my niece, Henrietta Oakeley. You ought to have come with us, Dorothy, but no doubt you were better engaged—"

Egerton bowed, and raised his hat as if he had received a high compliment. Dorothy smiled and gave a saucy little toss of her head as her sister alighted from the carriage.

"I hope you will all dine with me to-morrow, to meet Miss Oakeley," continued the Dowager. "May I have the pleasure of seeing you too, Mr. Egerton?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted!"

Mrs. Callander opened and upreared a grand white, much be-flounced parasol, bowed gracliously, and was whirled away to her hotel.

"You do not look much the better of your drive, Mabel!" said her sister, looking earnestly at her.

"I assure you Mrs. Callander was unusually amiable. I don't think she addressed more than once or twice." She slipped her arm through Dorothy's, and, turning towards home, walked on slowly between her sister and Egerton.

Mabel and Dorothy Wynn were the daughters of a military officer, who, in the days of purchase, never had money enough to buy the next step beyond that of captain.

When both girls were babies, Captain Wynn lost his wife, and then—in consideration of his junior officers' wishes, expressed in L. S. D., retired. He did not long survive the combined loss of wife and career. His daughters remained at the school where he had placed them in order to acquire the means of adding to their diminutive income.

They had apparently no relation save their guardian, Paul Standish. He was a distant cousin of the late Captain Wynn, and his nearest friend—he was also executor to his kinsman's will, as well as guardian to his children; and very faithfully did he fulfil the duties he had undertaken. The young orphans soon learned to look upon him as an elder brother, indeed to Dorothy, who was five years younger than her sister, he seemed in their childish days quite elderly.

One afternoon he brought a married sister to see them. This lady invited the two girls to dine, and go to the theater. A supreme joy in itself, and productive of important consequences.

At dinner they met Colonel, then Major Callander, a grave, sedate man, who had run the gauntlet of many garrisons without any serious affairs of the heart; and now, in the most unexpected manner, he fell utterly and absolutely fathoms deep in love with the defunct captain's lovely daughter Mabel.

This he soon confessed to her guardian, who, though pleased at the fair prospect opening before a girl eminently unfitted to take care of herself, recommended caution in carrying out so sudden and decided a preference, especially as it met with the most furious opposition from Callander's mother.

Mrs. Callander senior was a woman of large fortune, who had chosen her husband from among various competitors; first, because he pleased her fancy, and was of a yielding nature; secondly, because he was of an old county family.

Herbert Callander was her only child, and she adored him with a narrow selfish love, more bent on its own gratification than the happiness of its object. Her son, however, proved not to be of the stuff women can tie to their apron strings. He had a distinct will of his own, and having inherited a moderate independence from his father, he went his own way immovably, though always treating his mother with courtesy and affectionate respect, for he was really fond of her.

When the purse-proud woman, who had all a *parvenu's* avidity for rank and distinction, found that her son, her only son, was going to throw himself away on a penniless nobody, worse than nobody (for Mrs. Callander had ferretted out something not quite right to her respecting the late Mrs. Wynn), her rage and mortification knew no bounds.

Colonel Callander, however, carried out his project, and Mabel won by his quiet kindness, and pleased at the prospect of a home which he assured her she should share with her sister, was that willful little personage—an old enough to leave school, consented with sweet frank readiness, and in about six months after their betrothal meeting, Ethel Wynn became Mabel Callander, the object of her grave husband's profound devotion, of her overbearing mother-in-law's deepest dislike.

The event wrought no favorable change in the life of Mabel's sister. The first grief of parting (which was keen and deep) over, Dorothy found that many pleasures and advantages had come into her hitherto rather negro existence. She had prettier frocks, more abundant bonnets, and more frequent expeditions to concert and pantomime than Mabel, the elder girls whose superior lot she had hitherto envied.

The Christmas and midsummer holidays spent with Major and Mrs. Callander wherever they happened to be quartered were glorious periods of fun and frolic, and when nearly two years after the fortunate marriage a little baby niece was presented to her her joy and exultation knew no bounds. Towards her brother-in-law she felt the warmest regard, not untinged with awe, and her highest reward, when she did realise her natural tendency to idleness and attain her highest distinction was Callander's grave approbation. This halcyon period came to a close when the baby girl was a few months old, and the regiment being ordered to India, the commanding officer retired and Callander got his step.

But a warm climate did not suit his fair wife, who was ailing on arrival. After the birth of a boy she was ordered home.

Dorothy, now close on the serious age of eighteen, had begun to feel the want of a home with her sister. The only drawbacks to this blissful arrangement were the neighborhood and supervision of Mrs. Callander, the delicacy and uncertain health of Mabel, who ever, seemed likely to pass away, as, in a month or two, Dorothy gladly recognised an improvement in health and spirits.

The winter was a pleasant one, for Paul Standish proved himself the best "guide, philosopher and friend" they could have had.

The gaiety of their lives was considerably increased towards Christmas by the arrival in London of Egerton, who had known Colonel and Mrs. Callander in India, where he had gone for sport and travel. He had left shortly before she did, returning by the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates, in order to visit the ruined cities on the old caravan route.

He loaded the sisters with flowers, stalls at the theaters, small presents, endless attentions, managing at the same time to stand well with the dowager, who respected his wealth and position.

In the spring Mabel caught a severe cold, and was recommended to try the South Coast for change of air. Standish found and secured for her the pretty villa called The Knoll, at Fordsea, where, as in a quiet pool, the current of this true tale at present seems scarcely to move.

Here their faithful squire came to and fro, and brought them the echoes of the world.

Mrs. Callander, senior, did not leave them long undisturbed. She followed before the season was over, and established herself, her maidservants and her menservants, her horses and her carriage, at the Pier Hotel. She was, however, much more amiable than anticipated. Mabel and her sister, for it began to dawn upon her that Mr. Egerton of Netherleigh was somewhat more than attention to that plain, insignificant Dorothy.

The peaceful tenor of this tranquil period was rudely broken by the arrival of Colonel Callander's illness. He had received a sunstroke while on some military expedition, and though he made a fairly quick recovery, he was ordered home, and got leave of absence three weeks before the opening of this history.

But this long digression has out-lasted the honeymoon and Mabel is now left standing toward the Knoll. At the gate leading into the grounds on the land side they found a group, consisting of Colonel Callander, another gentleman, the nurse and children. Callander was a man about Egerton's height, and more massively built. He was dark and sunburnt, with a plain strong face, and grave earnest eyes. But his was the darkness of an Englishman; Egerton's of a foreigner. He was looking a little girl's doll, while that young person attempted to "climb up" the leg of the other man, who was their expected visitor, Standish, a fair and exceedingly Saxon-looking individual, with light reddish-brown mustaches and well-trimmed hair of the same hue. He was shorter than either of the others, but well set up and distinguished looking. Though by no means handsome, he had a pleasant sensible face, with a rather large jaw and well shaped eyes of no particular color, but bright and keen. The nurse stood by, holding Master Baby in her arms, while he struggled and kicked vigorously as soon as he saw his mother.

"Don't hold that boy; he is too heavy for you!" exclaimed Standish, as soon as they had exchanged greetings, for Mrs. Callander had yielded to her son's loudly-expressed claim for notice—he tried to take him as he spoke.

"Give him to his nurse," said the colonel quickly. "How long you have been! You must be tired."

"Well, Dorothy, you are blooming as usual, but the sun has been a trifle too loving, eh?" said Standish.

"Oh, I know I am sunburnt! and so is little Doll, though we do our best to keep her sun hat on. Just look," and lifting the child's sunny curls, she showed the difference of the covered and uncovered portions of her brow.

"Fair little puss! she is the image of her mother," and Standish lifted the child to kiss her affectionately.

"I think it is almost time to dress for dinner," remarked Callander, who had been talking with Egerton while his wife and Dorothy had devoted themselves to Standish.

"It is, indeed, and I have to go back to the hotel." Raising his hat, Egerton walked briefly away towards the pier, while the others entered the house.

* * *

Mrs. Callander's little dinner was a greater success in her own estimation than perhaps in that of her guests. She had what she considered a distinguished party, which included an Honorable Major St. John, whose superiority were up-held by masterly taciturnity; her niece, a much-traveled and experienced young lady of good fortune, and beyond the twenties, to whom the dowager once thought of marrying her son, and who was nothing loth; an elegant Low Church clergyman, the Rev. Seymus Cole, who was her spiritual director, Egerton, sundry noncentities, naval and military, of good position, and her son with his wife, who looked provokingly elegant. Dorothy had been unceremoniously put off to make room for St. John, who was especially asked for Miss Oakeley's benefit, and as Egerton, who was, Mrs. Callander thought, the greatest man there, was more silent than usual, and looked slightly bored, she began to fear before dinner was over that she had made a mistake in dispensing with that conceited, insignificant girl Dorothy, for really Mr. Egerton seemed to miss something, and that something might be Dorothy.

The rest of the company, with the exception of Miss Oakeley, made conversation more or less stiffly. She rattled away on all possible subjects to St. John and Egerton, between whom she sat, being divided between the desire to make an impression on the latter and animate the former. Colonel and Mrs. Callander remained to the last, as he acted host, and when the family party were left alone, Miss Oakeley took a low chair beside her cousin's wife. "I have not had the chance of a word with you," she exclaimed in a tone of reproach more than two years since we met. I protest you are prettier than ever, but paler and graver."

"Thank you, Henrietta. Please remember I have two babies to think of now."

"Horrid little brats! I hate children!"

"Heretic! they are sweet things, but certainly troublesome. How do you think Herbert looks?"

"Oh, very well. I would not trouble about him. Tell me, how do you come to be such friends with Randal Egerton? He is the most exclusive of men, and never allows himself to be bored."

"Then I supposed we do not bore him. He was hurt when our tiger-shooting, and carried into our bungalow, where we nursed him. He fancied we saved his life. Herbert was very fond of him."

"And Dorothy! I fancy she has grown pretty, and quite a marriageable age, I suppose! I promise not to murder the children if you show them to me. And so Mr. Standish is with you. Why in the world didn't my aunt ask him to dinner? He is so agreeable and so popular."

While Miss Oakeley chattered on, Mrs. Callander was pouring a few grievances into her son's ear.

"I am sorry, Mabel was so bored at dinner to-day, but I am quite aware of the reason."

"Indeed! Well, I did not observe her being bored, nor do I know why she should be."

"Oh, I am the offender! I did not ask Mr. Standish to join us. He is, I confess, a man I neither like nor approve."

"Some fault, I suppose, accounting for taste is a good fellow enough."

"A mere worldling. I fear his want of faith has had an evil influence on Mabel and Dorothy."

"Oh, come! If there are no worse women in the world than my wife and little Dorothy, it would not be a bad place!—Mabel, it will be late before we reach home."

The dowager (as she liked to be called, it somehow smacked of ducal rank) bade them a glacial good-night, but Henrietta ran down stairs to see them off. "You will be at Mr. Egerton's picnic on Tuesday, will you not? He has asked me and Aunt Callander. Just fancy her yachting! She will bore and be bored. Mind you are at home to luncheon, Herbert, I be coming!"

"Certainly! as to the picnic, nearly everyone is going, ourselves among the number. Good-night."

"I think Herbert looks rather glum," said Miss Oakeley, when she returned to her aunt, who was sitting very straight up, with a frown on her cold face.

"You observe it too! and I am not surprised. Mabel is so greatly attached to her guardian that his word is law. Heavens knows, I am the last to think evil, but I cannot forget that her mother married the late Captain Wynn during the lifetime of her first husband."

"Why, auntie!" cried Miss Oakeley in a tone of delighted excitement, "you do not mean to say Mabel is the committed bigamy!"

"No, Henrietta, but what was as bad she left her husband for another man."

"Well, perhaps number one was a brute; to be sure I am not a strictly religious high toned woman. I should scent out more wickedness if I were."

Meanwhile Colonel and Mrs. Callander drove home in silence, and found that Dorothy had gone to bed, but the lamp was still alight in the pretty drawing-room. Two or three letters, which had come by the last post, lay upon the table. Callander stood reading them beside the light. Mabel threw aside the white Indian shawl in which she had been wrapped, and watched him while he read. He had aged certainly—there was a heaviness about his brow that used not to be there. Would he ever be quite the same as he was before that unfortunate sunstroke?

Presently he laid down his letters with a sigh.

"There is nothing unpleasant in them, dear?" asked his wife, coming gently to him, and, slipp ng her arm through his, pressed her head fondly against his shoulder.

"Nothing whatever, they are of no importance." He spoon quite still, and Mabel still pressing against him said:

"Does anything disturb or worry you, Herbert? I cannot help fancying—" she stopped abruptly. He looked down into the sweet face uplifted to his so gravely, that she could not continue—and yet he made no movement to return her caress.

"What is there to make me unhappy?" he asked in a cold, composed voice. "I am with those I love, and who, I believe, love me. I have dear children and a sweet wife. Oh, how sweet and fair," he exclaimed, with a sudden change of tone, and clasping her in his arms, he peered into her eyes as if he would draw out the secrets of her soul. "Whom I love too well—too well!" She felt the strong beating of his heart as he strained her to him, and his lips clung to hers in a long passionate kiss.

Suddenly he released her. "Are you cold, that you shivered so?" he asked quickly.

"No, but you frighten me, you make me a little uneasy. Do not thrust me away as if I were a naughty child, Herbert. You know I love you!" She took his arm and put it round her.

"If I did not believe it, chaos would indeed be come again," cried Callander, gathering her to him in a close embrace. "Do not mind my variability of mood, Mabel! Whatever I may seem, never doubt that you are all the world to me!"

(To be Continued.)

If Nobody Else Does.

Roland (admiringly)—How beautifully and becomingly you are dressed, sweet one. And with such taste in colors.

Ruth—Glad you admire me. I always choose the shades. For instance, I like to have my hat and gloves corresponding.

Roland—I'm going away, you know. May we—be hat and gloves!

Ruth (coltily)—Yes—often.

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She was spreading towels and table-cloths on the crip. short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, Diana-like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of lustrous shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb, and fell in ink-black ripples down her back. There was a little brook twinkling its transparent sparkles around the gnarled roots of an ancient tree, and a background of black-green laurel which, with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it?"

But before he could get his pencil and millboards out, the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on The Literature of Queen Anne's Time, which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "lecture" was something to stir the quiet stagnation of their every day life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit, which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages, the cooks are often esthetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the lecture.

"Can I go?" said Natty Purple. "Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and table cloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carrie Podham, who condescended to wait at table during the crowded season. "You've too much to do in the kitchen, and besides, the tickets are fifty cents apiece!"

Natty Purple sighed dolorously.

"Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh, then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandsire who, when he was not drinking a great deal too much whisky, was suffering unheard-of agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the inn kitchen, like a modern Cinderella, without any of the *eclat* which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But, later in the evening, the head stableman looked into the kitchen where Cinderella was darning a well worn table napkin, and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travelers.

"Where's Jim?" said the head stableman.

"Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stableman. "He's a picter painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects," he says (with a chuckle.) "I'd a deal rather her feather pillow effects, myself. Then where is Dick?"

"Dick weren't on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a fifty-cent job," said the stableman. "Well, I s'pose I can hunt up some one, somewhere."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs. Podham, discouragingly.

"I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. "Do let me go, just this once!"

So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picturesque Spanish cloak thrown across one shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Natty Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whither he would go.

"Hallo!" said Paul. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the water lilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian Rock, and—"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humoredly. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides, I do so much want to earn fifty cents!"

"Do you?" said Paul, as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skilful strokes, vanished into the deep shadow of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely tides. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret. I want to go to the lecture to-morrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be so very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the Literature of Queen Anne's Time."

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everything he writes. He is stopping at our place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. I am Natalie Purple."

"Well, then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, really feeling a sting of conscience, "I am Paul Gessner!"

Natty gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to the Echo Cove, I will give you a complimentary ticket. So, there!"

"No," said Nattie, with true womanly pride, "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all, I prefer to earn it."

Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of that flute-voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a good deal," said he, at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see; and besides, all the gir's lend me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

But when he came out into the moon-bathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of water lilies were swinging to and fro on the tides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before they came back he and Natty Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half as much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Natty went to the lecture with her fifty-cent piece, and listened with a grave and critical intentness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good," she said, the next day, "very good indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh! dear, I have so much time for thinking!"

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here.) "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him, with simple directness.

"Why do you not go to Boston and teach school?" he questioned.

"Oh!" cried Natty, clasping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there!"

"We must see what can be done," said Paul, reflectively.

So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor, and stayed by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammar schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. "The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no step-granddarters around."

"Oh, grandfather, I am so glad!" cried Natalie, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay. Mr. Gessner—"

"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckling hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too."

"Yes," said Natty, "I'm going to be married."

Thus ended the little Brookbridge idyl. Natalie was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life cannot be enjoyed by every one, and the spring-tide of the world comes but once.

Why He Knew.

"So, Uncle Jack, you don't much believe in the idea that men are called to preach."

"Wall, sah, de Lawd must call some niggers ter preach, but it sorter 'pears ter me dat whar de Lawd calls one ole man Laziness calls er dozen. Nine nigger preachers outen ten is de lazies' pussons in de worl'."

"How do you know, Uncle Jack?"

"Cuse I's er preacher merse'f, sah."

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"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yclept 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and so pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is guaranteed to do all that it is claimed to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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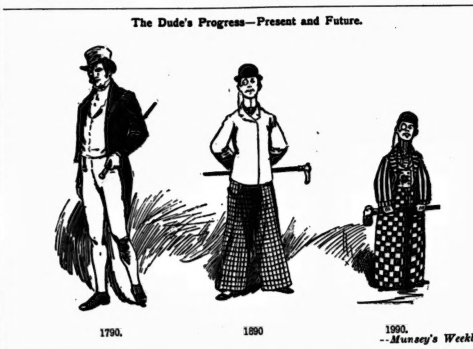
The Dude's Progress—Present and Future.



1790. 1890 1990.

--*Munsey's Weekly.*

Too Perfect a Knowledge.

Young Doctor Jubeson (to his affianced)—I've been along this avenue so much in my practice that the pony knows my regular stopping-places almost as well as I do.

——(on the next block)—Get up, there, you four-legged idiot!—*Judge.*

Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices—of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others and jealousy.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

LEXA.—See Sallie.

BELLE.—See Pete.

QUEEN BESS.—Green.

LAURA E.—Fairly so.

E. M. S.—See A. M. L.

MARGARET.—See Patsy.

FORTIA TEMPLE.—Give it up.

PATIENCE.—See Dorothy Wilkins.

LINDSAY.—Write longer specimens.

JULIAN.—A plaster of pride and patience.

SELAH AND LALLA ROOKH.—See Shamrock.

EVANGELINE.—Order, decision and reserve.

BIRDIE.—Vanity, flippancy and wilful ess.

ROSSETA.—Decision, energy and self-esteem.

HEDGEHOG.—Self-will, sincerity and resolution.

MACKINNOW.—Vain, self-reliant and self-willed.

L. B.—Cordiality, sympathy and sensitiveness.

HELEN ISABEL.—Vanity, self-will and indecision.

DOROTHY STEWART.—Sincere, precise and prudent.

ALCIBIADES.—Candor, warmth of heart and courage.

JULIET C.—Love is platonic f ieudship a month old.

RAMONA.—Ambition, self esteem and perseverance.

OMAGH.—Decision, warmth of heart and self-esteem.

QUEEN ESSE.—Sensitive, sympathetic and self-willed.

MCGINTY'S WIFE.—Resolution, sensitiveness and generosity.

MARIE, Regina.—Perseverance, ostentation and resolution.

ELVA B.—Affectionate disposition, resolution and wilfulness.

MINER.—Affection, courage and firmness are shown here.

SALLIE.—Resolution, self-esteem, ostentation and ambition.

A. M. L., Hamilton.—Self-will, vanity, ambition and self-reliance.

CATHERINE BURR.—Moody, precise, with much energy and tact.

BARNEY AND GIPSY.—Decision, reserve, much ambition and hope.

ICONOCLAST.—Energetic, resolute, erratic, original and unassuming.

SHAMROCK, Ingersoll.—Ambition, perseverance and moody disposition.

SAM BARLOW.—Toronto 180,000, Montreal 225,000 and Ottawa 60,00'.

DORCAS.—Why certainly, the more the merrier. No, he should offer his arm.

F. S. H.—J. Fenimore Cooper has written a large number of books; about 51.

HEDGE.—Vanity, ostentation, good executive ability, originality and resolution.

DANIEL DANE, St. Thomas.—Impulse, ostentation, resolution and self-esteem.

DOLORES.—Self-esteem, self-esteem, tact and energy. Apply in the usual way.

JUDY.—You are a little vain, decisive, original and generous. 2. Two dollars.

PANSY.—Variable temperament, affectionate disposition, sensitiveness and jealousy.

ELFRIDA.—I think not. You are decisive and ambitious, with a moody temperament.

DOROTHY WILKINS, Baltimore.—Genial, ambitious, a little ostentatious, and sincere.

ACADEMY.—Sensitiveness, variable temperament, considerable energy and ambition.

LIDE.—You are, probably, affable, original, very ambitious and she will be as easy to move as a church.

ANNIE LAURIE.—Erratic in temperament, warm-hearted, candid and self-willed. Is it not so, my friend?

VERONICA.—She should first have expressed pronounced attentions to the exclusion of all other friendships.

OTTO, Berlin.—Your writing shows firmness, originality, affability, good intuition, self-reliance and self-esteem.

HIGH COLLEGE.—Attention to diet is the only thing which will effect a cure. 2. Prudence, reserve and decision.

PETE.—Your writing denotes a ready sympathy, a firmness that reaches obstinacy, some vanity and fickleness.

ELECTRICITY.—Such a shock could not fail to be injurious. Writing shows executive ability, tact, firmness and perseverance.

AGRIMONY.—Sensitiveness, mirthfulness, self-will and order. Enclosed shows generosity, unobtrusiveness and discretion.

EROMIS S.—You are doubtless sympathetic, sensitive and unassuming. You should wear dark blues, deep reds and reeds green.

H. A.—If you are expected, remove it, unless the call is to be very brief. Decision, ambition and a dislike of ostentation are exhibited by your writing.

D. M. S. W.—Any bookseller will get it for you if it is not in stock. The name is the line which you quoted. Generosity, sincerity, ambition and self-will.

NIS.—You cannot take out the ink, I fear. You might try salts of lemon, but do not leave it on too long. Writing shows firmness, cordiality and sympathy.

LAUGHING WATER.—We will be pleased to examine more. Anoil was professor in a college in Geneva. His chief work was his journal, published after his death. It was translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward

INGOLSMUM.—You just try being engaged to two men and see what a harvest next you will have about your ears. Your suggestion amuses me. It is such a very unique way of settling matters. Seriously speaking, you are wrong. If you cannot decide between them you do not care much for either.

FRENCH.—D'Alton McCarthy was born near Dublin in 1836. Your writing shows some vanity, considerable force of character, originality and wilfulness. Many thanks for your kind letter. Write again if you think I can be of use to you.

NADIA.—Lilian signifies purity and innocence, and Marguerite, a daisy. 2 Yes, I think it will not be necessary. Your writing shows fervor and attachment, decision, sensitiveness and reserve. The enclosed indicates impulse, resolution, tact and generosity.

DIMPLES, Amherst, Nova Scotia.—Dear me! do you always do as much talking to convey a like amount of information? You must be from the land of pigs, potatoes and—patriots. Your writing shows frankness, a great deal of generosity, mirthfulness, self-reliance and tact.

GEORGINA.—Ambition, resolution, independence and order are prominently displayed. So glad the other relative was correctly characterized. My admiration for a family that set do in separate letters to very high, for I'm bothered to death with bundled up collections of cups of writing.

HETYSON.—The Aurora Borealis was first spoken of by Halley in 1654, when he called it "burning spears." The displays are accompanied by marked disturbances and varied force of terrestrial magnetism. It is believed to be some sort of an electrical discharge. Writing shows generosity, energy and executive ability in fair degree.

AN IRISH EMIGRANT.—You must have lately come to this country or you would not believe all you hear. Who gave you the information, I wonder. It has amused me for two minutes straight along. Your writing is that of a woman who has order well developed, and is very ambitious, energetic and self-willed, as well as sincere and just.

ORANGE BLOSSOM, Pumons, Cal.—Your kind letter was perfumed with orange blossoms and the little spray is in excellent condition. Many thanks for a breath of your sunny land. Your writing betrays originality, resolution, and an impulsive and self-willed nature. Your sister's is more wilful, a little flippant and also shows decision.

PAUL JONES.—Thomas s-Kempis was born in 1380, entered the monastery at Zwolle in 1399, and died in 1471. His real name was Hammerken, but his birth place Kempen was the origin of the name he adopted. He wrote sermons, hymns, books and tracts, all of a religious nature. Your writing shows strong sense of justice, energy, order and a fondness for society.

CRICKET.—Your writing shows frankness, self-reliance, a restless and mirthful nature with much generosity. Try cold cream for roughness and chaps. Bathe the flesh of your face each alternate night until the annoyance disappears. Your letter was very kind, Cricket, but you have allowed your imagination too much rope. There is no name. Write again, little friend, if you choose to, and keep your chosen name.

MIGNON, Stratford.—Custom and circumstances regulate affairs of that kind. "May a girl of sixteen correspond with a gentleman friend," you ask? Now what someone to ask if she may. You know, and I know that girls of sixteen will correspond with boys and men, and sorry enough they often are for it, my dear. If your mother approves, and the man in question is very nice, perhaps you "may." Yes, do it up in two or three books which should be very glossy.

DAISY.—Variable temperament, jealous, self-reliant and impulsive. What an avalanche of questions you and your two friends have hurled down on my desk. "How should one say good-night to a man?" you ask. Try saying it softly with a certain amount of tenderness if you want him to come again. If you don't, just fling the words out like icicles broken off. Did you come to go through a class drill on the quality of voice, force, time, pitch, stress, inflection, etc? Haven't time for that.

In Hard Luck.

Kind Lady—I suppose your lot is full of hardship!

Tramp—Indeed it is, mum. In th' winter w'en the farmers is doin' nothin' but eatin' apples an' drinkin' cider, it's too cold fer us to tramp; and in th' summer we're allers bein offered work.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Blind Fate.

On another page will be found the first instalment of a new story, Blind Fate, by that well-known and popular writer, Mrs. Alexander, author of The Wooing o't, Mona's Choice, etc. By special contract with the English publishers SATURDAY NIGHT has obtained the exclusive right of publication in Canada. The story promises to be one of the best ever produced by this talented writer, and everyone who reads select fiction should commence with the first number.

Music.

Having exceeded my allotted space last week, I had to omit mention of young Blatchford Kavanagh, not because I did not consider him worthy of thoughtful notice, but simply because space is inelastic. The time of his visit here was a busy one, and I must frankly say that my opinion of his voice and talents was perforce based upon the hearing of a single number. I heard him sing With Verdure Clad, and certainly am prepared to admit that his work is wonderful. His delivery is such as would not discredit any well-known adult singer. Enunciation and intonation are good and clear, the former perhaps a trifle exaggerated in character. His phrasing and general conception show that he has had careful leading in taste, and that he has probably heard a great deal of good music well performed. His style is, in fact, wonderfully mature. As to his voice, I was disappointed in not hearing a boy's voice, or rather a voice that sounded like a boy's. It was more like the voice of a contralto with a wide upper range, and was full and rich throughout, until he reached the high B flat, when the uncertainty of the boy's voice at last showed. That he should at his age, and in his short experience, have acquired so large a repertoire, speaks volumes for his training and surroundings. And apart from the phenomenal breadth and fulness of tone, it was in his style and delivery that his chief strength lay. The sweetness and purity of the voice were not so marked as I had expected, or as I heard in the voice of the boy that sang the solo in Calcott's Hymn of Peace at St. James' Cathedral on the Sunday that St. George's Society attended divine service there. The Toronto boy is not finished in his delivery, and his voice is not so highly trained as young Kavanagh's, but it has more of the ethereal and angelic quality that we love to hear and admire in the boy singer.

*

Thursday evening of last week brought us the final concert of the Toronto Choral Society under the baton of Mr. Edward Fisher. The programme was a miscellaneous one, in which the Mendelssohn Quintette Club played an important part. The chorus of the society sang Gade's Spring's Message, Schumann's Gipsy Life, and Praise the Lord from Hiller's Song of Victory. Its singing was good and certain in attack and intonation, not without crispness and elasticity, but suffering somewhat from weakness of altos and basses, whereby the balance of tone was impaired. The voices were bright and pleasing in quality and were well prepared in their parts. Spring's Message has been sung here before, but is ever welcome, with its delightful flow of melody, its warm harmonies and beautiful and refined orchestration. Its performance on this occasion was hardly as diversified in tone color as it should have been, being rather cold and level. Gipsy Life also has been heard here before, and it was on this occasion the most effective number, on the programme. Its bold contrasts and dramatic expression received an excellent interpretation.

*

The usual custom of having orchestral selections on the programme was departed from, although a small orchestra of unusual excellence supported the chorus. Its intonation was good and its balance of tone very effective, the strings especially being excellent. The playing of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, while not up to its high standard of former years, was yet very satisfactory, and a very effective rendering of the Rondo Finale, Mayseder's Quintette in E flat, was given. The 'cello solo of Mr. Max Drage was excellent in tone, style, technique and feeling. Mr. William Ohlizer has been heard here sufficiently often to make him a favorite. His pure and sweet, though not large tone, his admirable technique, and his musically feeling make his performances very welcome. The vocalist, Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, was very pleasing in both appearance and singing. Her voice is sweet rather than powerful, well trained and she sings with taste and conscientiousness.

*

The Boston Ideal Opera Company has fallen off sadly since its first appearance here ten years ago, when it played Fatinitza, and even from last year when Pauline L'Allemand and Zelie de Lussan were its chief attractions. At the performances last week, the former was not equal to the expectations her previous excellent representations had raised. The performances generally were of the poorest description—sometimes half an hour late in beginning, and with cuts that reduced the time of performance to less than two hours. Polyglot of the worst kind, singers not knowing their parts and "faking" them through with scraps of German or anything else that came handy. Amid a general array of discreditable effort and "faking" the good work done by Mr. C. E. Mertens stood out in welcome relief. To present such makeshifts to a Toronto audience is an insult alike to its intelligence and patience.

*

What a rare treat it was to hear Edward Lloyd sing! Leaving out of account for the present the quality of the voice, the superb method and the perfect style, both free from all effort and affectation, challenge one's extreme admiration. His Sound an Alarm is certainly deservedly famous. Expressive rendering, dignified delivery and enthusiastic feeling make a combination that one can hardly hope to hear excelled. His Cujus Animam is a warmer rendition, and is a beautiful specimen of artistic phrasing. His voice is a lyric tenor of great breadth and fulness; rich, sweet and sympathetic. It is wonderfully versatile in its resources and lends itself with equal facility to oratorio or ballad. Occasionally one sees a gleam of maturity in the voice that makes the less fortunate hearers wish that they had heard it ten years ago, but Mr. Lloyd manages it so well that in his reading of ballads he disguises the absence of youthfulness most artistically, and indeed most justifiably. This was more especially noticeable in the ballads where his phrasing and general rendition were subordinated to the resources of the voice, all of which was done without marring the beauty of the picture. In this manner, his rather liberal use of the *mezzo-voce*, slightly veiled though it be in quality, was made the marker by which the rest of the tone-coloring was graduated. The accompaniments played by the Torrington orchestra were extremely well executed under Mr. Torrington's watchful care, the tone being judiciously softened, while giving a sufficiently brilliant support. Especially good was that of the Cujus Animam. It was to be regretted that Mr. Lloyd's encore pieces were not accompanied by the band, as the change to the piano was rather disappointing. The purely orchestral pieces were very well rendered, with the greatest excellence occurring in the early part of the programme, all those in the first part being rich and brilliant in intonation and execution. With the Jadassohn Serenade the intonation began to suffer, probably owing to the heat of the room. Mme. D'Auria gave an excellent peformance of the Polonaise from Mignon, bright and sparkling in delivery, and she sang a pretty little ballad in response to a recall. Messrs. Suckling certainly deserve the thanks of the public for providing a most enjoyable concert.

*

Next week will be a military one, commencing with the fun and music offered by A Night on a Troop Ship, given on Monday evening by the Queen's Own Rifles under Mr. Bayley, to be followed by the two nights of the Royal Grenadiers' entertainment, at which a triple bill will be offered: Turn Him Out, Trial by Jury and A Night in Camp, under the musical direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

*

The Philharmonic Society will give its Wagner concert on Tuesday, May 20.

*

The public interest in the singing of Master Blatchford Kavanagh has encouraged the committee to arrange for two more concerts on Thursday and Friday of next week, which will be given at the Metropolitan Church.

*

On Thursday next, the Scottish select choir, composed of 24 picked voices, will give a concert at Association Hall when the choir will be assisted by Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. James Johnston, and Mr. James Fax.

*

Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club will give a soiree musicale in the public hall of the Education Department on Wednesday evening, May 28, when a class of music not generally known may be enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be invited. METRONOME.

The Drama.

The Old Homestead is a play without a plot, without a heroine and without a villain. It has something approaching a catastrophe, a very unconventional final climax, and a hero who is an old man. There are few plays like it, and there are few which have been so successful. It does not appear to have been constructed; it just seems to have "growed." It is like a slice taken out of life and nature, with most of the unpleasant and painful part carefully cut out. It might be called romantic realism. Joshua Whitcomb is an old New Hampshire farmer. Uncle Josh, as he is familiarly called, is a genial, kind-hearted, innocent old soul that one meets more often in story books than on farms. His behavior is sometimes more Utopian than seems consistent with this suspicious and skeptical age, but he is withal such a jolly old soul as one would like to meet. Uncle Josh is the center of all the action. He is shown on his farm among his laborers and his summer guests dispensing hospitality with bucolic generosity and simplicity. His only son has gone to New York to earn a livelihood and has fallen among the Philistines. This is the catastrophe of the play. Uncle Josh goes to the city to seek him and to visit his old schoolmate, who has become a millionaire. We laugh at the mistakes of the unsophisticated old man amid the bewildering surroundings of the great city. He sees the Venus de Medici in his friend's house and he covers his face with his handkerchief and asks if she was a New York lady before she died; or what they did with her when the minister came to visit. He calls a Japanese portiere "a string of whip-lashes," and comes into the drawing-room when he is about to retire, looking for a boot-jack. His son is found, however, and set upon his feet again. Once more we see Uncle Josh with his foot upon his native heath. It is New Year's night, and he is the soul of the party he has invited in to celebrate the return of his son. This is the great climax.

*

Many of us who have been born in Canada have seen incidents and had experiences of this kind. Farm life in New England as pictured in The Old Homestead has its coincident features in the farm life of Ontario. When the unceasing drudgery and the narrowing effects of penury are kept down the observer sees in rural life much that is bright and merry and poetic. To those who look upon it through "the light of other days" its hardness and harshness has melted away. They remember the fragrance of the furrowed field and the meadow newly mown. They hear the robin's song from the orchard in the morning. They see the old-fashioned flowers budding in the garden and the sweet smelling lilac bush by the gate; the brightness of the vernal forest and the autumnal splendor of its decay. The bright side of the picture lasts the longest and this is what one sees in The Old Homestead. This play, I take it, is one of a class which a certain school of literary men, prominent among whom is Mr. W. D. Howells, think is to supersede the conventional plays which in these thriving days of the drama seem to be about played out. The new plays are to depend on psychological analysis and faithful portrayals of character and life for their attractiveness. These things are to take the place of the focussing of action, climaxes, villains, suspense, unities, etc., etc. With the majority of dramatic writers the new idea does not find favor. The company which presents The Old Homestead at the Academy of Music this week, headed by Archie Boyd, is above the average in point of ability and the presentation is harmonious throughout. The attendance has been excellent.

*

The attraction at the Grand Opera House this week was Reilly & Wood's Vaudevilles. Seeing that we have had so many excellent variety shows here during this season it is not strange that all the features presented on the programme of this company should not have the charm of novelty. Nevertheless some of the specialties presented are unique and the performers are all skilful men and women in their particular lines. Miss Hellene and Mr. J. Byrnes do some good work in the burnt cork line. The crayon sketches of the latter were very much appreciated. Millie Price is a clever dancer and Bellonini with his juggling and performing dogs is one of the strong points of the show. Other features are a quartette of Gaiety dancers, the Organ Crank, a comic sketch by the Wood family and Florence Miller, a farce entitled A Carriage Ride and its Mishaps, and a comedietta entitled Senator McPhee to wind up the programme.

*

At Jacobs and Sparrow's, One of the Finest with its huge tank of water, its realistic rainfall and its little army of bathing gamins has been a strong drawing card. The play which is not unknown in Toronto is excellently mounted and staged—some of the scenes being very realistic. The company is headed by Edwin M. Ryan as the Dutch policeman who plays the part very acceptably. The support is very fair. The play is a melodrama of New York life, and the interest centers almost entirely around the tank.

*

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 15, 16, 17, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will play at the Grand Opera House for the second time this season. Since leaving here their progress through the American cities has been a succession of triumphs. The enthusiastic welcome accorded them here before will probably be this time even more enthusiastic.

*

Toronto is to be favored with another course of lectures by Mr. George Kennan on that intensely interesting subject, Siberia and the Exile System. Mr. Kennan has chosen his three finest lectures for this course, which opens in the Pavilion next Thursday evening, with the Premier of Ontario as chairman. The enthusiasm Mr. Kennan is everywhere creating with his voice no less than with his pen is already having some effect upon the Russian government, and causing them to make official (?) inquiries into the administration of its exile system. Throughout the American cities Mr. Kennan has been received with the greatest demonstrations of interest and sympathy, the people crowding the largest auditoriums nightly, to hear his thrilling tales. He is in Rochester the first half of next week, and Toronto the second half, and spends the whole of the following week in Montreal, delivering six lectures in that city. It is safe to say that the Queen City, which Joseph Cook calls the brain of Canada, will give the illustrious traveler a fitting reception, and greet him with well-filled houses.

*

The entertainment of the Queen's Own Rifles, which takes place at the Grand on Monday evening, promises to be a gala night in the history of the regiment. The programme is said to comprise many excellent features and the gallant boys in green are sure to be greeted with a large and fashionable audience.

*

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Paris theater is to have a new play based on Stanley's African adventures and exploits.

It is said that Pauline L'Allemand will fill Lillian Russell's place at the New York Casino during that lady's summer vacation.

Miss Rose Eytinge, whose trouble with Arthur Forrest is still fresh in our memory, has opened a dramatic school and bureau in New York.

Landlady (to actor)—And you are going to leave me?

"Yes. I only meant to stay until I perfected myself in the part I am going to play this evening."

"What part is that, pray?"

"The 'lean and hungry Cassius.'"—*Life.*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett does not seem to succeed when she writes for the stage. Her play Phyllis produced this season in Boston was unsuccessful, and the reports from London tell that Nixie, her latest production, has fallen by the wayside. The *Times* calls it a "farrago of pernicious sentimentality."

It is sometimes true of good news, as well as bad, that it travels quickly. A case in point is the recent success of Mary Shaw, who played here with Julia Marlowe. On Monday night she produced in Chicago her new play, A Drop of Poison, at McVicker's Theater, and on Tuesday noon she received unsolicited a telegraphic offer of a four-weeks' engagement at the Fifth avenue Theater in New York.

*

Mrs. Brown-Potter, supported by Mr. Kyrle Bellew, made her first appearance in Melbourne on March 1, in the presence of Lord and Lady Hopetoun and the elite of the Victorian metropolis. Camille was the play she selected for her Australian debut. She is said to have produced a very favorable impression, and was honored with several recalls. The critics, however, pronounce her acting stagy and artificial. Mr. Kyrle Bellew had a very cordial welcome. He is no stranger to Melbourne. Twenty years ago he was one of the smartest reporters on the *Melbourne Herald*. He may be said to have begun his stage career in that city in the humble capacity of descriptive lecturer to a panorama of the Franco-German war.

*

Joe Murphy's life reads like a romance. A poor, unlettered boy, he has risen to eminence and wealth through sheer force and will, assisted, it must be admitted, by great good luck and no little ability. As a lad, his school opportunities were most limited, and he himself tells, with much humor, of the understanding that his father, who was a blacksmith, had with the schoolmaster: "When you see that white cloth hanging out of my window, send my boy home. I shall want him to help me shoe a horse." As the white cloth hung from the blacksmith's window ten hours a day out of twelve, Joe's chances for education were few. But the practice he obtained from his father enabled him to shoe a horse as an expert; and anybody who has seen "Kerry Gow" knows that.

*

At the theaters, says the New York *Sun*, some of the alert girls wear a black waistcoat with three buttons, displaying the largest possible expanse of snowy shirt bosom, and the high color and white bow are an exact reflection of the gleaming and starchy articles that have so long formed the mainstay of full-dressed masculinity. An old broker, who seldom notices how his pretty daughters dress, chanced to be at the theater on a recent night with an old club crony, and, in looking about the house, he caught sight of his two girls in a box party. They both wore the masculine get-up, and the broker strained his eyes to make out what it all meant. He fumbled in his pocket and secured a 25-cent piece, which he hastily jammed into the opera glass machine in front of him. Securing the glass, he levelled it with a great exhibition of agitation upon the box wherein his daughters sat, and gazed long and hard. Then, turning to his companion, he begged him to look and tell him what his girls had on. The other old fellow peered through the glasses and said: "It's that devilish old dress reform business, Charley. They are trying to get all the girls up like men now, you know, and yours have caught the fever."

The broker took a card from his pocket and scribbled something on the back. Summoning an usher, he directed him to hand it to his daughters in the box. It said:

"Stand up and let me see if you have on trousers."

The girl received the card and read it. Then, looking about the house, she caught her father's anxious eye, smiled reassuringly at him, and stood upright for him to satisfy himself that the lower half of her still retained the appearance of modest womanhood. The old man fell back relieved, and in all sincerity told his friend that he thanked heaven his girls were only half fools.

Buds of Humor.

A remarkable accident happened to a young man in the north. He is courting a very fat girl, and the other evening she planked herself down in his lap so suddenly that her weight drove his feet right through his boots.

To a lover the geography of the world resolves itself into two localities—the place where his sweetheart is, and the place where she isn't.

"There is very little poetry in a lawyer's life, I can tell you."

"Maybe. But lawyers are always writing verses."

A girl suffering from lockjaw was left alone with a mouse by a shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

"Who was that ringing at the front door last night?"

"The policeman."

"What did he want?"

"He wanted the baby to stop crying. It kept him awake."

"Let me never hear of your disobeying me again," said his father, as he laid the hairbrush aside.

"I w-won't," sobbed Tommy, "if I can help it. I-I-didn't tell you t-this time."

Corporal (to raw recruit)—Why ought a soldier never to lose his head?

Private Barthel—Because—because he could not put his helmet on without!

Pauline—Don't go, Reginald.

Reginald—I must, love; it is after ten.

Pauline—Indeed it isn't; it's only half after.

And Reginald, upon consulting his watch, observed that it said just 10:30.

A.—You don't seem to have any life in you. Is there nothing or nobody over which you can enthuse?

B.—Nothing at all. I once became enthusiastic over somebody, and a short time afterwards she became my wife. That was a sad warning to me to avoid enthusiasm.

Some Maxims.

The following specimens of proverbial thoughts are from Maxims of Life by the Comtesse Diane:

To be melancholy, you need only to think of yourself.

Beauty is the gift of making oneself pleasant without exertion.

People who really envy admire in silence.

When we have changed our opinions, nothing is more disagreeable than to encounter them in other people.

Suspicion poisons everything and kills nothing.

Scandal is like false money: people who would never be so base as to create it, do harm by circulating it.

It is easier to give than to pay one's debts, because a man prefers to comfort his heart rather than his conscience.

Virtue is the honor of woman; honor is the virtue of man.

When the heart leads it misleads.

He who is loved and is unhappy, seems to the lover ungrateful.

The best way to retain any one is to let him believe that he is free.

Cold Hard Gall.

For Saturday Night.

What is it makes some people
Set their backs stiff as a steeple
And strut around a city just as if they owned it all?
Is it real superiority
That braces the majority?
No, you bet your life it isn't, it's their

Cold
Hard
Gall.

'Tis a marvel this po session
That ignores deserved suppression,
It rears their domes of thought aloft, till hats are far too
small;
It enables men and women too
All sorts of nervy things to do
And then defy their critics with their

Cold
Hard
Gall.

The man who owes and cuts you neat,
The brute who tramples on your feet,
Then looks as though the fault were yours and you he'd like
to maul;
The women who flock to your store
And paw your dry goods o'er and o'er
But never make a purchase, have this

Cold
Hard
Gall.

The lady at the matinee
Whose hat is all the show you see,
Her sisters fair who chatter there from curtain rise to fall,
The man who goes out for a drink,
The dudes who stand around and wink
At pretty maidens coming out, have

Cold
Hard
Gall.

The candidate who grasps your hand
And vows to save the ruined land
And hopes your wife is big as life, tho' his wife votes her
small;
The man who swear they always knew
You had the brains to see you through,
After you've made your money, have this

Cold
Hard
Gall.

Your neighbor who comes rushing in
To borrow butter, delf and tin,
Or test a bottle on your babe, lest it should make her's
bawl;
And then entites to see him blubber
At the taste of the new rubber,
Is actuated solely by her

Cold
Hard
Gall.

The man who, after he has wined,
Declares he left his purse behind,
The fellow holding aces four, who lures you on to call;
These, and some thousands more you'll meet
Ere your life's journey is complete,
Are a nuisance, but they get there, with their

Cold
Hard
Gall.

ED. W. SANDYS.

The Hole in the Fence.

For Saturday Night.

Just a picket or two,
Left off for our use.
There was scarcely a day
That we did not go through,
Our friendship was very intense;
Got so quainted that way,
Through the hole in the fence.
She always wore plaid,
With a yoke, and full skirt
(I remember just how we dressed),
My style wasn't bad—
Gabrielle, with a frill;
But some way or other,
As children all will,
I used to like here the best.
We aped "lady ways"—
Wore rhubarb sunshades
And burdock leaf fans
(They were good enough those days),
Called on each other
With much of pretence,
And a great deal of state,
Through the hole in the fence.
Now we go around by the gate,
Leave our cards, have "a day,"
Go to parties full dress
And come home very late,
Have arrived, as they say
At years of good sense (?)
But life is not half that it was
When we went
Through the hole in the fence.

CARRIE LOUISE MURSON.

Nell's Query.

For Saturday Night.

The maid was dusting china,
From high-piled closet shelf,
And dainty Nell was helping,
Poor uncle 'muse himself.

She went to talk with Bertha,
And restless, pattered round,
But soon she stood beside me,
With something she had found.

"Oh, uncle! see, it's dusty;
It's your wee little cup,
And Bertha said you'd 'splain it;
The reason I all mussed up."

She held in wide-spread fingers
A mug of white and gold,
Her blue eyes wisely staring,
The legend faint and old.

"For a good child," I told her,
She wond'ring silent stood,
Then asked with baby archness:
"But was you ever good?"

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Early May.

In the air of the orchard the blossoms are drifting,
The white petals drop one by one,
And the tulip's pale stalk from the garden is lifting
A goblet of gems to the sun!

Come ramble awhile through this exquisite weather
Of days that are fleet to pass,
When the stem of the willow shoots out a green feather,
And buttercups burn in the grass.

When, pushing the soil from her bonny pink shoulders,
The clover glides forth to the world,
And the green mosses gleam on the gray rugged boulders,
With delicate May-dew impearled!

What vows to their sweethearts these gay robins utter!
No marvel such wooers are heard!
Heigh-ho! how the bosoms that scorn us would flutter,
If man could make love like a bird!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Noted People.

The oldest peer of Great Britain is ninety-two. He is Lord Cottesloe.

The Alumnæ of Wells College met at Sherry's last week and re-elected Mrs. Cleveland as their president.

Miss Mattie Sheridan of the staff of Munsey's *Weekly* enjoys the enviable distinction of never having had an article rejected.

Miss Nellie Arthur, daughter of the late President Arthur, has become a picturesque young lady, with a brilliant complexion, large soft brown eyes, a graceful figure, and an original and effective taste in dress.

Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., a member of the English Board of Trade, is dead. It was he who put the rules of the road at sea into the rhymes which are known to all seafaring men, and which have been translated into or limited in every tongue spoken by seamen.

On Queen Victoria's recent visit to the Continent her impedimenta comprised one coachman, nine grooms, eight horses, three carriages, one donkey, and seventy large packages of luggage of various kinds, which went from Calais to Aix-les Bains by special train at a cost of $1100.

W. Clark Russell, the writer of sea tales, was born at the Carlton House, Broadway, New York, which long ago went of existence, and lives in memory, chiefly in tradition of a superior species of hash compounded there in the days of its glory. Mr. Russell's father, Henry Russell, was a writer of popular songs.

Bret Harte has always been a most fastidious worker. In matters other than literary he is also most particular. Mrs. Harte came down rather late to breakfast at a country house at which she and her husband were guests. Upon being asked for Mr. Harte she explained that she left him trying to match a cravat with the stockings he had chosen to wear.

It is said that Lady Pauncefote, wife of the British Minister at Washington, was much amazed when, in answer to an informal announcement that she would be at home on a certain Saturday afternoon from four to six, 1,400 visitors presented themselves, most of whom insisted on shaking hands, although she had never before heard of their existence.

Sir William Gull's fortune of £344,000 was the largest ever made purely by professional work. No other physician, no novelist, no painter, learned counsel, no professional man has ever acquired so great a fortune solely by the work of his brains. The most brilliant fortune that has been made at the parliamentary bar did not exceed £300,000; while the £100,000 of Dickens remains about the high-water mark of the gains of literature.

Mr. Gladstone, with some reserve, accepts the theory of the growth of his head which has been put forward by comparative craniologists. His account of the phenomenon is that forty years ago he caused a model of his head to be constructed for the use of the tradesman who made his hats. The artist found himself occasionally obliged to add a band of black velvet to the block, in order to make a hat that would "go on" the head of his customer. In 1860, however, these manifestations ceased, and there has been no growth since.

The Greek boatman, Chazes by name, who used to serve Lord Byron, has just died at Missolonghi, and been honored with a state funeral by command of the King, the public buildings at Athens being draped in mourning for this brave survivor of the Greek war of independence. It is sixty-six years since Chazes rowed the poet through the storm that caused his fatal illness, but to him Byron remained forever young and forever glorious, as man, as poet, and as the would-be deliverer of Greece from the yoke of the Turks.

In his younger days the Archbishop of York was very fond of fly fishing. Shortly after his elevation to the Archbishopric he went down to little Yorkshire village to enjoy a day or two's a sport, and put up at the only inn of which the place boasted. On his arrival at the hostelry he announced who he was, and on being presented with his bill when about to leave the place, tendered the landlord a cheque. For a second or two his host looked hard at the signature and then asked, "What name is this written here?" "W. Ebor," replied the Archbishop. "Ah!" said the landlord as he pocketed the cheque, "I thought you telled me a lie when you said you were the Archbishop of York."

Eugene Field is almost entirely bald. He has a long and rather humorous face, is an accomplished mimic, and hails from Chicago. He and Henry Dixey were for a time great chums, and many of the applauded things in Adonis were gratuitous contributions of Mr. Field's. He writes in a very small and accurate hand, forming each letter with precision and distinctness, and he uses enormous sheets of white paper for his social correspondence. The effects of a few cramped and labored lines in the middle of the sheet of paper, big enough to wrap a box of cigars in, is rather odd, but the letter is usually worth keeping and rereading if it is signed by the name of Eugene Field.

Speaking of the Queen's daughter and her spouse, says *Modern Society*, reminds us that many people may have wondered why on earth the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne should have called themselves Lord and Lady Sundridge during their visit to Rome. The explanation is very simple and the title very appropriate and expressive. The fact is that it is in right of his barony of Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of Great Britain that the Duke of Argyll, the father of the Marquis, sits in the English House of Lords at all. His Grace's other honors are all Scotch, which give him only the right to vote in the election of representative peers for Scotland, and to be elected himself if his fellow peers are willing—which, in the case of the Duke of Argyll, is, to say the least of it, very unlikely. The barony of Sundridge is really, therefore, the most important title that the Duke of Argyll possesses in all the long string of dignities which he can tack on to his name, and in selecting this as their *nom de voyage* the Princess and her husband have shown both their sense of the facts and their discrimination.

A Week in Cuba—No. II.

It was after dinner on Saturday that the real fun began, when our party endeavored to settle their bills with the proprietor of Hotel Union. Fortunately for myself, I had been invited to dine with some American engineers and railway promoters who were regular boarders at the hotel. I have seldom had a nicer dinner than was served to us, proving that the cook was a good one if the order were properly given and there were influence enough behind it to have it executed. We had little Cuban oysters on the half-shell, as delicious as Blue Points, and a long list of excellently cooked delicacies rivalling the cuisine of the best New York hotels, which surprised me very pleasantly after our ineffectual efforts to get something palatable from the bill of fare. With entertaining conversation and slow service, the dinner lasted till late. My friends had finished their repast much sooner, and remembering what they would likely have to eat, I was not surprised. Our table was set right behind the office, and as the various individuals went to settle their bills, the loud and angry altercations disturbed the entire house. As near as I can reckon it, the combined bill for baggage was fifty-seven odd dollars. This was for conveying one load of trunks and steamer chairs from the wharf to the hotel—a distance of three blocks—and back. In addition to this the charge of the hotel itself for accommodation was exorbitant. No arrangement had been made, and the proprietor felt at liberty to demand whatever prices he saw fit. We had arranged to leave on the steamer Jose Garcia at eleven o'clock. If we refused to pay our bill and appealed to the *alcalde* we should probably have been delayed a week, and there was nothing for it but to settle, even though the proprietor refused to abate his charges. As I sat enjoying a very pleasant meal—the only one I had had in two days—with the charming society of men who could tell me stories of Cuban life and adventure rivalling the most thrilling romance, it was absolutely pleasant to see my friends suffering and declaiming as they passed through the experience which had seemed so funny to them when I was the victim. The proprietor he walked about to keep myself from growing permanently crooked, and then I lay down and slept and dreamed and imaginary fleas fed upon me and the old negress had me by the throat and the drunken steward pulled my lame leg out of joint and the ship ran on the rocks. Then I awoke and took a walk around and lay down again and the bulls bellowed and the hogs squealed and the herd of unclean beasts trampled over me and the fiendish steward refused to rescue me and the maudlin stewardess gloated over my woes as I was tossed from the horns of a brindle bull into the jaws of an angry hog. Again I woke up and walked around. Again I slept and the ship had been wrecked on an iceberg and my legs were frozen up to the knees while the northern half of me was roasted under a torrid sun. I woke up to find that my overcoat had shifted. I walked around again and the fiendish stewardess inquired if I didn't want some more blankets. I told her I was quite comfortable, thank you, and slumbered again, a fitful sleep filled with the bellowing of the bulls, the snores of the second-class passengers and the feeling that I had been reposing on the wintry and windward side of a straw stack in a Canadian barnyard.

By daylight every one was awake and we had coffee and fruit. One by one the ladies retired to their staterooms with a companion and, as I was credibly informed, they were in search of fleas. We expected breakfast at ten o'clock; it was a quarter of twelve before it was ready. The captain had been informed that the American passengers were much dissatisfied with their treatment and he evidently desired to show us what could be done in the way of a breakfast. The most wonderful activity was manifested in setting the table. Everything that could possibly get cold was put on the serving tables on the forward deck and while they were getting the balance of the meal ready the tables upset with the pitching of the ship and the viands rolled about the deck, amidst the stuns and ashes of cigars and cigarettes. The captain got furious and ordered these things all cooked over again. At last breakfast was served—there only were seven different kinds of fish and as many varieties of meat. It was served in Cuban style, everything being put on the table at once. It was really a well-cooked meal, and as I sat beside the lady from San Francisco, who had been more or less accustomed to Spanish cooking, we enjoyed it and complimented the captain, receiving in payment an exceedingly benign smile. He endeavored to conceal his pride in the magnificent display his cooks had made, tasted but a few dishes himself and watched with eager pleasure when his United States passengers found a dish which they relished. I once had a whitebait dinner at Greenwich, but the varieties of fish at that Jose Garcia breakfast exceeded it by six different dishes. The Cuban passengers were delighted beyond expression. One gentleman from Jamaica, and his red-haired wife who was evidently as much Irish as Spanish, partook of everything placed before them. His two grown-up daughters did the same and his little boy and girl, who had not yet reached that age when it is considered necessary to enrobe them as fully civilized children, were brought out and treated to delicacies which were not provided at the nurses' table. After the meal was over these infants were the occasion of much surprise. They had nothing on them but a little slip—something the gay young woman called a "shimmy"—and their elder sisters seemed to take great pleasure in lifting this garment and spanking them in a playful and caressing manner, which might have been appropriate in the privacy of the nursery, but which was exceedingly startling on shipboard. These youngsters took liberties with the deck which interfered with the promenade of those who objected to such trifles. Complaints were made to the captain, but he smiled complacently and said children would be children.

The scenery was quite charming but the voyage was not entirely pleasant, and when we reached Batabano and boarded the rickety train for Havana we hoped that our miseries were over. It was about four o'clock and the sun beat down on the unsheltered cars, which were just a little bit worse than those of an ordinary emigrant train, and the hovels lat loose their population to give us a send-off. We prayed that an early start might be made. After an hour of sweltering the train pulled out and we had a new experience. A cloud of red dust floated through the windows, and as we passed the plantations we occasionally halted for fifteen or twenty minutes to let the dust settle and perspire a little more so that we could retain a new coat of red veneer. The flowering plants on the roadside, the luxuriant vegetation, the *vaccaros* herding the cattle, the great plantations of sugar cane with the railway switches running out to the mill drifted past us and the red dust drifted in upon us. Then it was that my fellow-passengers, who were inclined to quarrel with me for advising the sea voyage instead of the long overland route, agreed that we had selected the lesser evil. When at last we attained such speed that the dust and heat were more bearable we were overjoyed. The beauty of the landscape was great, and we were just beginning to be happy and contented within the jolting and bumping train when we stopped at a station and a couple of hotel runners boarded the train and solicited our patronage. But of our experience with them next week. DON.

Art and Artists.

Metaphysics sends me the following:

"How much poetry is expressed in that picture!" Thus spoke a visitor who had spent a delightful hour in the studio of the artist who has lately given to the public the paintings, The Story, and Dreaming, and who has completed a most interesting picture entitled, Mortgaging the Homestead. I hardly need to mention the name of George A. Reid.

I especially wish to describe somewhat that most fascinating and suggestive one, Mortgaging the Homestead—fascinating and suggestive, because so absolutely true to life. The mission of the picture would satisfy a most acute critic. The longer one looks, the more one feels that only by a most sympathetic lover of humanity and of his art could such satisfying results have been attained.

One is immediately impressed by the sugestiveness of the surroundings—whitewashed walls, a table by which are seated the mother and her babe, her other child on the floor at her feet, looking intently and wonderingly at the shrewd, keen face of the lawyer, who is pointing to the document, and saying to the father, as plainly as if speaking, "Sign here." The father's expression says: "It's no use, we must mortgage." But the mother—she cannot look towards the table. Her eyes! Who can measure the depth of anguish and woe of which they tell? The ideality and the reality of this work of art are focussed in the pensive, sad and tearful eyes of the wife, whose red arms with their purplish veins, and whose strong physique so grandly proportioned, show that she has been no stranger to honest toil.

Then, as if to impress us the more vividly with the pathos of the scene, the artist pictures the grandfather and the grandmother. How truly has he presented the dejection, the heartbreaking and the unutterable sorrow of the old couple who-se gray heads and bowed forms are themselves signs that the "threescore years and ten" have been almost, if not quite, reached.

Then, having withdrawn our view for a moment from these the principal figures, and from her who is the center soul of this painting, we observe a man seated at the farther end of the table. And, just as we are wondering what he is doing there, we recollect that, of course, a witness is very necessary at the signing of the mortgage, and that, therefore, this is a farm laborer who has just come in. The painting has a *tout ensemble* which images itself on the mind in a way that does one good æsthetically and morally. One appreciates the *de esprit* which has been so realistically depicted by means of a few washes, a story which is, alas! of frequent occurrence. A simple, commonplace subject has been the nucleus of the beautiful work of art which I have endeavored to describe. I am reminded of the words of Susan Coolidge, when she says:

"God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace human
Makes his beautiful whole."

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The theories of Mr. W. A. Sherwood, O.S.A., regarding color in nature will be explained in relation to its place in architecture on Tuesday evening next in the rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club, corner Queen and Victoria streets.

•

The exhibition of the Academy at Montreal this year is reputed to be one of the best the Academy has ever held. Considerable severity I hear was exercised by the hanging committee.

•

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has had a portrait, which he executed during his recent visit to France, accepted in the Paris Salon this year.

•

At the monthly meeting of the Art Students' League on Tuesday night it was resolved to organize a series of sketching rambles on Saturday afternoons during the summer. The spring exhibition of the League will be held on Friday and Saturday of next week, May 16 and 17.

•

Mr. G. A. Reid has been elected an academician and Miss Sydney Tully, Mr. C. M. Manley and Mr. F. M. Knowles have been elected associates. Mr. O. R. Jacobi has succeeded Mr. L. R. O'Brien in the presidency. VAN.

The Return of the Heir.

Dog-face (recently with the Wild West show)—*Bon jour*, mamma. Just back from Paree, y' know.

Spank-with-the-birch (to her husband)—You hold. I lick him.—*Life.*

At the Chancel.

The thoughts of a bridegroom, as he awaits at the altar the arrival of his bride, may be supposed by the romantic to be filled with sublimity and rapture, while, if the truth were known, in most cases they run something like this:

"Now, where's Emily? I thought she was to come in at the church door as I came out of the vestry; of course, brides are generally late, but she made me a promise to be punctual. I don't doubt the best man has got me out here a full fifteen minutes too soon. That is what the matter is; well, at least, he has got to stand it as well as I.

"What a lot of people! all looking at me, of course, to see how I appear! I declare, I have a lively feeling for the lion in the circus show.

"There, I caught Mrs. Blenkinsop's eye; I suppose I mustn't bow. But where the deuce am I to look and not catch people's eyes? Emily, Emily, the first thing I do after we're married will be to teach you punctuality. I think it must be twenty minutes since I came out here.

"There's an awful draught from the vestry door, and there is the best man sneezing. Hang it! what does he do that for? Everyone is laughing.

"Seems to me the people are smiling at me, too. I wonder if there is anything wrong about me? My collar is awfully uncomfortable; perhaps it has got unbuttoned behind, and is riding up over my coat. I don't like to put up my hand and feel; I'll nod my head, and perhaps the darned thing will settle into place.

"Gracious! there is Mrs. Blenkinsop nodding, too; she thought I bowed to her this time. Heavens! if Emily don't come in about a second, I shall begin to wish I had never started to go through this sort of thing.

"There's Rose Mathews; I used to be a good deal of spoons on her once; see her laugh! Of course, it is at the figure I cut up here; now she is whispering—She is looking mighty pretty; I wonder if she would serve a man this way?

"What in the world shall I do with my hands? The best man has his behind him; it looks rather easy and graceful. I'll try that; but, here, we can't stand here just alike, like the Siamese twins. The rector has his hands clasped in front; I'll see how that goes; it won't do, it's more awkward than ever.

"No Emily yet! I'll read over the commandments behind the altar. Well, I shall break the third one in just a minute; and as for the fifth, I certainly shall not honor my parents in-law for bringing Emily up no better than this. I'll read the fourth; it's a long one, and will distract me quite a while. (Best Man pinches him.) What under Heaven is the matter? Oh, the bridal party at last! Now, if I don't mistake one of the bridesmaids for the bride! (But he doesn't, and the service begins).—*Puck.*

Only Three Hundred Remained.

Local story tellers, says the Lewiston *Journal*, spin the following yarn: "Its said that a party of the townspeople clubbed together and visited New York city. One evening during a ramble upon the street a member of the party became separated from the others. After an ineffectual search he bethought himself of the theater as being the most likely to attract his boastful fellows. He chosen the commodious edifice, paid his money and went in. At the first opportunity, between the acts, he arose and inquired in a loud voice:

"Is there a man in this hall by the name of Jones? If so, will he please stand up?"

One thousand people, as he searcher afterward related it, immediately rose to their feet.

"I mean Mr. Jones of South Dashville, Maine."

Only three hundred were left standing.

Living Up to Side Whiskers.

It is a fact that side-whiskered men are seldom seen in young and busy communities. There is a good reason for it. Side whiskers are expensive. They make a man look dignified, and lead him to cultivate slow ways and a careful style of costume. In order to keep up first-class side whiskers a man must have leisure and money. If he gets up early and rushes around town in a bob-tailed coat he will look out of place, and people will stare at him with pained curiosity. Atlanta as yet has very few side-whiskered men. They will come in time. When we have more wealth and leisure there will be a lot of solid old fellows here sunning their mutton chops on the promenade. But we must wait awhile.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER III.

WILFUL VIOLET HAS HER OWN WAY.

That same evening a thoroughly competent nurse was installed by Violet's bedside, and Mrs. Mencke, having received instructions regarding the care of her sister, returned to her home on Auburn avenue.

She came every day afterward, however, to ascertain how Violet was progressing, and though for a week her fever ran very high, and the doctor considered her alarmingly ill, yet at the end of that time she began slowly but surely to mend.

Consciousness returned, and with it the memory of all that had occurred on that never-to-be-forgotten day, while she talked continually of the brave young man who had saved her life.

When she was first told that she was in the same house with him, the rich color suffused her face, and an eager look of interest leaped into her eyes.

"In his home!—am I? How strange!" she murmured. "How did it happen that I was brought here?"

"Those who found you thought that you were brother and sister," the nurse told her, thinking it no harm that she should know all her details, if she did not get excited. "They found you together, one of his arms clasping you close to him, and both your hands locked about his neck."

A burning blush shot up to the girl's golden hair at this information.

"He told me to—to cling to him," she said, in a low tone.

"Of course; and it showed his good sense, too, for it was the only thing that saved your life, dear child," replied the nurse; "and it seemed as if he had not one thought for himself, then nor since, for his first question, when the doctor goes to him, is about you."

"How good—how noble of him! and he is so badly hurt, too," Violet said, tremulously.

"Oh, but he is comfortable out of it finely," the nurse said, reassuringly. "There isn't a scratch on his face, and his broken bones are mending nicely. He is already up and about, though he looks rather peaked, as if he were still a good deal shaken up over the dreadful tragedy—for I suppose you know that you and he are the only ones who came out of it alive."

"Oh! was every one else killed?" said Violet, with a shiver of horror. "How dreadful!"

She lay there, very quiet and thoughtful, for some time after that, but by and by she asked:

"Nurse, when may I get up?"

"In a few days, dear, if you continue to improve as you have done during the last week," the woman replied.

"Then may I see him—Mr. Richardson? I must see him, and thank him for what he has done. Just think—he saved me from getting even a scratch or a bruise."

"Um!" returned the nurse, pursing up her lips; "your sister, Mrs. Mencke, has given orders that you are not to receive any visitors while you are here."

"Well, of course, and I do not care to see company much until I go home; but you must let me see Mr. Richardson," Violet said, with some show of spirit.

"Well, maybe Mrs. Mencke wouldn't object; I can ask her when she comes," said the nurse, doubtfully.

"I shall do no such thing and I am going to see Mr. Richardson!" cried the girl, flushing and flushing hotly. "The idea of her objecting, when he saved my life, and when dear Mrs. Richardson has been so kind! They would think me very ungrateful not to tell them how very, very thankful I am."

"But Mrs. Mencke said——" began the nurse, adjectly, for Violet's sister had given very strict orders upon this very point.

"I don't care what Belle said—Belle is too fresh sometimes!" Violet cried, spiritedly, and relapsing a trifle into slang, in her irritation over her sister's interference.

The nurse changed the subject, and nothing more was said about the matter.

Three days later, Violet was allowed to get up for the first time, and after that she sat up every day.

One morning she seemed to feel much stronger than usual, and the nurse allowed her to be regularly dressed in a pretty blue cashmere wrapper, which Mrs. Mencke had sent the previous day; then she drew her chair beside one of the windows, where she could look out upon the street.

She seemed very bright, and told the woman that she began to feel quite like herself again. She certainly looked very pretty, though somewhat pale and thin, showing that she had lost a little flesh during her illness.

"Now, nurse," Violet cried, when the woman had tidied up the room, and there seemed to be nothing more to be done just then, "don't you want to go out and get the air for a little while? You have not been out once since you came, and I am so well and comfortable to-day, you might go just as well as not."

"Thank you, miss; it would be a pleasant change," the woman returned, with a longing look out of the window.

"Then go, by all means, Mrs. Dean," Violet said, eagerly, "and stay an hour if you like. I know Mrs. Richardson would wait upon me if I should need anything, and I am sure I shall not," she concluded, with a furtive glance toward the sitting-room, where, during the last half-hour, she had heard, now and then, the rattle of a newspaper, and surmised that her young hero was engaged in perusing the morning news there.

The temptation proved too strong to be resisted, and Mrs. Dean, taking Violet at her word, yielded, and soon after went forth into the glorious sunshine, to enjoy the privilege so kindly given.

Violet sat and watched her until she was well down the street, a queer little smile on her pretty lips; but her attention was presently attracted by the entrance of Mrs. Richardson, who came to see if she wanted anything, and to bring her a little silver bell to ring in case she should need her.

"How well you are looking to-day, dear," she said, as she noticed her bright eyes and the faint flush which had begun to tinge her cheek, "I am really surprised at your and improvement during the last few days."

"I feel almost well, I think, I could sit an hour's practice if there was only a piano here," Violet answered, as she glanced wistfully at her music-roll which lay on the table near her.

"I am sorry that we have none," Mrs. Richardson replied, "but perhaps it is just as well, after all, for the effort might be too much for your strength. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, no," Violet answered, with an appreciative smile.

"Then I am going down into the laundry for a while, but I will leave this bell with you; if you need me, ring, and I will come instantly."

"You are very good," the young girl said, then, with a rising flush and downcast eyes, she asked, "How is Mr. Richardson this morning?"

"Doing finely, dear, thank you, only he gets a trifle impatient, now and then, because his arm is useless, and he cannot go back to work."

"It must be very tedious for him, and I am very sorry," Violet said, with a regretful sigh. Then with a timid, appealing glance: "May I not see him, Mrs. Richardson, and tell him how I appreciate his heroism and the service he rendered me?"

Mrs. Richardson colored at this request, for she had overheard Mrs. Mencke telling the nurse to be sure and not allow any one to see Violet, save those who had the care of her, and she well understood what that injunction meant; consequently her pride and sense of what was right would not allow her to take advantage of the nurse's absence to bring about a meeting between the young people. So she replied, with quite certain gravity:

"I would not like to assume the responsibility of granting your request to-day, dear; we must not tax your strength too much at first; some other time, perhaps."

She put the bell where Violet could reach it, telling her to be sure to ring if she needed anything, then she went out, leaving the door slightly ajar.

As she disappeared Violet nodded her sunny head mischievously, and shot a wicked little smile after her.

"You are the dearest darling in the world," she murmured, "and I know you are resolved not to be guilty of doing anything to offend my proud sister. You will not 'assume the responsibility' but I will. Mrs. Belle just isn't going to have her way all the time, and I am going to have mine if I can manage it. I wonder if I could walk into the other room."

She glanced toward the door and seemed to be measuring the distance with her eye.

"I am going to try it anyway," said the wilful little lady, as she deliberately slipped out of her chair and stood upon her feet.

She found herself still very weak, and for a moment it seemed as if her trembling limbs would not support her, but the determination to outwit her haughty sister had taken possession of her, and she was bound to accomplish her purpose.

She managed to get to a common cane-seat chair, and pushing this before her as a support, sitting down once or twice to rest, she at length reached the door leading into the other room.

Wallace Richardson was sitting by a window, his back toward the parlor where Violet had been ill. He had been reading the morning paper, but it had dropped upon his knees and he had fallen into a fit of musing, his thoughts turning, as they did involuntarily, to that fearful ride down the inclined plane, while he always saw in imagination that wan, pale face of appeal upon the lovely face of Violet Huntington, as she instinctively turned to him for help.

Suddenly he was startled by a slight movement near him, and, glancing up, he beheld the object of his thoughts standing in the doorway just behind him.

"Miss Huntington!" he cried, starting to his feet in amazement and consternation, "I am afraid you are very imprudent. Do you want something? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you will please help me to that chair I will be much obliged; I am not quite so strong as I thought I was, and find myself a little tired," Violet replied, looking very pale after her unusual exertion.

"I should think so, indeed! Here, take this chair," said Wallace, as he gently helped her, with his well hand, to the chair that he had just vacated.

"Thank you," Violet said, as she sank panting into it; then, glancing up at him with a roguish smile, she continued: "Don't look so shocked, Mr. Richardson; I suppose I am a trifle pale, but I am not going to faint, as I see you fear. I was lonely in there by myself and imagined that you were alone, and I had a fashion notion that I would pay you a little visit. I—I thought it was about time that we made each other's acquaintance and compared notes upon our injuries."

Wallace thought he had never seen any one so pretty as she was at that moment. Her golden hair had been carelessly coquetted at the back of her head, while a few short locks lay in charming confusion upon her white forehead. Her delicate blue wrapper, with its filmy lace ruffles at the neck and wrists, was exceedingly becoming, while the laughing, roguish light in her lovely azure eyes thrilled him with a strange sensation. Then, too, the thought that she had made all this exertion just for the purpose of seeing him made his heart leap with delight.

"I had no idea that you were able to make such an effort," he managed to say in reply, though he could never remember afterward what answer he did make.

Her strength and color were coming back now that she was seated, and she laughed out mischievously.

"It was an experiment," she said, "perhaps a hazardous one, and I must make my visit and get back before nurse returns, or I fear I shall get a vigorous scolding; but I just had to come to see you—I couldn't wait any longer. Do you I think of how much I owe you, and how perfectly heartless that I have not yet told you how thankful I am for the life that you have saved; but for you I might have shared the fate of the others," and tears were in the beautiful eyes uplifted to his face.

"Do not think of it, Miss Huntington," Wallace said, growing pale as his own thoughts went back to those moments of horror.

"Why not?" she cried, impulsively. "Why should I not think of it and speak of it, too, when I see this poor arm"—and she touched it almost reverently with her dainty fingers—"when I realize how thoughtless of self you were in trying to save me? Ah! and that poor hand, too," she added, as she caught sight of the bright band, which had been badly cut by broken glass, and on which she saw a broad strip of court-plaster, "how much you have suffered!"

And carried away by her feeling, forgetful of all but the gratitude that filled her warm, young heart, she suddenly bent forward and impulsively touched her lips to the wounded hand that hung by his side.

Wallace caught his breath. That touch was like electricity to him, and the rich color swept up to his brow.

"Miss Huntington, don't!" he cried; "you overestimate what I did."

"No, indeed, I do not," Violet returned, earnestly, and then, overcome by the sudden realization of what she had done—that he was almost a stranger and she had been guilty of a rash and perhaps unmaidenly act—a burning blush leaped to the roots of her hair, and for the moment she was speechless from shame and embarrassment.

"Pardon me," she said, after an awkward silence. "I forgot myself—I forgot everything in that I owed you my life."

Then tossing back her head and shooting a half appealing, half defiant look at him, to convince her confusion, she said, with a bewitching little pout:

"But now that I have come to call upon you, Mr. Richardson, aren't you going to entertain me?"

The change from embarrassment to this pretty piquancy was so instantaneous and so bewitching that Wallace's face grew luminous with admiration and delight. A smile wreathed his lips, and there came a look into his eyes that made her flush consciously again.

"Certainly; I shall only be too happy. What can I do to amuse you? Shall I read to you?"

Violet shrugged her shoulders.

"No, talk to me," she said, with pretty imperiousness. "I have been shut up so long that I am pining for entertaining society."

Wallace flushed at this. He was not used to talking to fine young ladies; he had been very little in society, and had met but very few people in fashionable life. His days were occupied by work, for he had to support himself and his mother, while his evenings were devoted to study.

But he really desired to amuse his lovely visitor, and so, going to a book-case, he took down a large, square book and brought it to her.

"Have you ever seen any architectural drawing, Miss Huntington?" he inquired.

"No," Violet said.

"Do you think it would interest you to examine one?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, eagerly.

She would have been interested in anything which he chose to talk about.

"I am glad of that," he returned, "for architecture is to be the business of my life, and I can talk most fluently upon that subject than upon any other."

Then he opened the book and began to show her his drawings.

"Since a little boy I have desired to be an architect," he told her, "and while my father lived I had every advantage which I chose to improve; but after my death I was midwinter obliged me to give up school and to go to work. I chose the carpenter's trade—my father was a contractor and builder—for I reasoned that a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings would help me in the profession which I hope, even yet, to perfect myself in. All my evenings during the past four years have been spent in the drawing-school, where, during the last two years, I have, a portion of each night, served as a teacher."

He pointed out to Violet several of his own designs, all of which, she could readily see, were very fine, and some exceedingly beautiful.

While discussing some point, Violet casually compared it with something that she had seen in ancient structures abroad, and this led them to enlarge upon the architecture of the old country, until they grew very free and friendly in their conversation.

Neither was aware how rapidly time was passing until the clock struck the hour of eleven; then, with a sudden start, the young girl exclaimed that she must get back to her own room at once, or run the risk of being scolded should the nurse find her there.

"I can get back to my chair much more quickly, Mr. Richardson, if you will help me," she said, with an arch look, as she arose from her seat by the window; and Wallace, with another thrill of delight, gave her his well arm and assisted her to cross the room, a feat which she accomplished much more easily than before.

When he had seated her comfortably, she gave him a roguish glance, and remarked, playfully:

"I suppose it is polite for people to return calls, isn't it, Mr. Richardson?"

He laughed out heartily, and thought her the most bewitching little piece of humanity he had ever seen.

"I suppose it is," he answered; then growing grave, he added, "I think I suspect that your sister does not think it advisable for you to have visitors."

"Nonsense!" began Violet, impatiently, then stopping the nurse just mounting the steps, she continued, "but there is Mrs. Dean. I will discuss the calling question with you some other time. Good-by."

Wallace took the hint implied in this farewell and returned to the sitting-room, where he was apparently deeply absorbed in the contents of his paper when the refreshed and smiling nurse entered.

CHAPTER IV.

A PARTING SOUVENIR.

A week went by, and both patients continued to improve, but the weather being unfavorable—a cold wind prevailing—the physician would not consent to have Violet removed to Auburn avenue until it was milder.

Every pleasant morning, however, Violet insisted upon having the nurse go out for an airing, telling her to remain as long as she liked, and just as often the young girl succeeded in meeting an interview with Wallace.

She saw that both he and Mrs. Richardson were averse to his returning her call, and she did not urge it; but he, in her pretty, imperious way she insisted that he must help her out into the sitting-room or she should get "awfully homesick" staying in the parlor all the time.

They could not well refuse her request, and every morning as soon as the nurse disappeared she went out to them.

Sometimes Mrs. Richardson would remain and join in their conversation, but this could not always be, for her household duties must be attended to, and so they were often left by themselves.

Occasionally Wallace read to her from the daily paper, or from some interesting book; but more frequently they spent the time conversing, growing every day more friendly, and falling more and more under the spell of each other's society.

Wallace realized his danger—knew that every hour spent in the fair girl's presence was serving to make him more wholly her slave.

That first meeting, when she had come upon him so unexpectedly, had assured him that he could not see her often without riveting the chains of his love more hopelessly about him. Her exquisite beauty, her artless, impulsive manner, the glance of her beautiful eyes, all moved him as he had never been moved before, and warned him that danger to both lay in indulging himself in the delight of her society.

Danger! Yes, for he well knew that he—a poor carpenter who had to toil with his hands for his daily bread—could never to speak words of love to the delicate girl who had been reared amid the luxuries of wealth; know that her haughty relatives would scorn an alliance with one in his humble circumstances.

But he seemed powerless to prevent it—powerless to save either himself or her; for Violet, all unconscious of the precipice toward which they were drifting, thinking only of the enjoyment of the moment, persisted in seeing him, day after day, and he, before she was aware of the fact, becoming entangled in coils from which she was never to escape.

Mrs. Mencke came every afternoon, but never remained long, for she had many fashionable and social obligations, and thought, if she simply came to inquire regarding Violet's welfare, she was doing her whole duty by her.

She always found her alone with the nurse, or with Mrs. Richardson, if the former was busy, and fondly imagined that everything was all right, never suspecting the mischief—as she would be likely to regard it—that was being brewed by that artful little god of love—Cupid.

Norton finally got to be a guest to see Violet removed, and on the same day, when Mrs. Mencke paid her usual visit, she was told that to-morrow she would be taken home.

The young girl recived this unwelcome news in silence, but a great darkness seemed suddenly to have fallen around her.

After her sister's departure she turned to Mrs. Richardson, and the woman saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"I shall miss you so much, Mrs. Richardson. You will come to see me, will you not?" she said, as she put up her lips for her good-by kiss.

"Yes, I will come within a few days. I shall want to know how you are getting on. There, you are all ready now, I believe," she concluded, as she folded the light shawl about her shoulders, for though the day was warm, they wished to guard against all danger of her taking cold.

But Violet stood irresolute a moment, then she said:

"I want—may I go to say good-by to Wal—to Mr. Richardson?" and a burning flush mounted to her brow as she made the request.

Mrs. Richardson looked grave as she remarked the blush, but she gave the desired permission; and while she went to assist the nurse to put Violet's things in the carriage, the young girl moved slowly toward the sitting-room, where she found Wallace, looking pale and depressed, his fine lips drawn into a firm, white line.

"I have come to say good-by," Violet remarked, as she approached him with downcast eyes. "I—I hope you will soon be quite well again; but, oh! Mr. Richardson, if I only could do something to show you how——"

"Please, Miss Huntington, never refer to the accident in that way again," Wallace returned, speaking almost coldly, because of the restraint he was imposing upon himself.

(To be Continued.)

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A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XLIII.

At that moment Enid recalled, by one instinctive flash of memory, the words that Maurice Evandale had said to her. If ever she saw "the ghost" again, she was to speak to it as—she was not to be afraid. God would take care of her. With a sort of mental clutch at the strength residing in those words, she maintained herself in a sitting posture and looked the white woman full in the face. Yes, it was Flossy's face; but was it Flossy herself? For the figure made a strange, threatening gesture, and glided smoothly towards the door as if to disappear—though in natural and not very ghost-like fashion, for the door stood wide open, and it was not the soft, cool night breeze of summer that had opened Enid's slumbering eyes. In another moment the visitor would be gone, and Enid would never know whether what she saw was a reality or a dream.

That should not be. Strength and courage suddenly returned to her, inspired by the remembrance of her lover and his words; she would speak.

"Way are you here?" she said.

Still no answer. The figures glided onward, and its eyes—glittering and baleful—were never once removed from Enid's face. With one supreme effort, the girl sprang from the bed and threw herself in the strange visitor's way. The figure halted and drew back. Enid laid a hand upon its arm. Ah, yes, thank Heaven, she felt the touch of flesh and blood. No; such reflected image of a wandering brain was before her; a woman—only a wicked desperate woman—stood in her way. Enid was not afraid.

"Florence," she said, "why are you here?"

The woman dashed down the detaining hand. She knew that it was of no use to assume any longer the character with which she had hoped to impress the mind of the sensitive, nervous, delicate girl. She was no ghost indeed; she could figure no longer as a nightmare in Enid's memory. She stood revealed. But she did not lose her self possession. After a moment's pause, she spoke with dignity.

"I came here," she said, "to see whether you were sleeping quietly. Surely I may do so much for my husband's niece!"

"And what were you doing there?" said Enid, pointing to the mantelpiece. "Why were you tampering with what Mr. Ingledew send me to take?"

"Tampering, you silly girl! You do not know the meaning of your own words!"

"Do I not? What have you in your hand?"

She grasped at the little phial which Flossy had half hidden in the white folds of her dressing gown—grasped at it, and succeeded, by the quickness of her movement, in wrenching it from Mrs. Vane's hand. Then, even by the dim light of the candle, she could see that Flossy's color waned, and that her narrow eyes were distended with sudden fear.

"Why do you take that? Give it me back!"

"Yes," said Enid, upon whom the excitement had acted like a draught of wine, giving color to her face and decision to her tones—"yes, when I have found out what it contains."

"You little fool—you will not know when you look at it!"

"I will keep it and ask Mr. Ingledew or Mr. Evandale. You were pouring from it into the medicine that Mr. Ingledew gave me—for what purpose you know, not I."

A gasp issued from Flossy's pale lips. Her adversary was clear to her now.

"Give it back to me!" she said. "I will have it—I tell you I will!"

Enid's hand was frail and slight; not for one moment could she have resisted Mrs. Vane's superior strength—for Flossy could be strong when occasion called for strength—and she did not try. With a quick sweep of her arm she hurled the little bottle into the grate! It broke into fragments as it fell, the crash striking painfully on the ear in the stillness of the night. The two women looked into each other's faces; and then Flossy qualied and fell back a step or two.

"What good or harm will that do?" she asked slowly. "Why did you break it?"

"Better for it to be broken than used for other's harm."

"How do you know that it was meant to do harm?"

"I don't know it; I feel it—I am sure of it. If you lie and cheat and rob, where will you stop short? Is it likely that I of all people can trust you?"

Florence caught at the bed as if for support. She was trembling violently; but her face had all its old malignancy as she said:

"You are going to slander me to your uncle, I suppose! Every one knows that you would gain if I—I and little Dick were out of the way!"

Enid looked at her steadily.

"You are very clever, Florence," she said, "and it is exceedingly clever of you to mention little Dick to me. You know that I love him, although I do not love you. I shall do no harm to him that I can help. But shall I have the burden to bear that I can bear alone! I shall go to anoher for help."

"You have promised to speak to nobody but Hubert on the subject," said Flossy, turning upon her with a look of tigress-like fury.

"To nobody but my husband or my promised husband."

"And that is Hubert."—"No; it is not Hubert."

"Not Hubert! Then who—who?"

"That is nothing to you. You will hear in good time. You have no right to question me; you lost your authority over me long ago."

"Not Hubert!" Flossy repeated once more, as if bewildered by the news. Then she burst into a low wild laugh. "You are right," she said. "He has replaced you already; he is desperately in love with Cynthia Westwood, the daughter of the man who murdered your father, and he has given you up. He never cared for you; he wanted your money only. Did that never occur to your innocent mind? As soon as he is better, he will make Cynthia his wife."

"He is free to do so if he please," said the girl, with a touch of scorn in her voice. "I am thankful to escape from you both. You will not expect me to live under the same roof with you again."

"Go where you please," returned Florence, "say and do what you please; I shall be only too glad to think that I shall never see your face again. I always hated you, Enid Vane; from the time that you were a child I hated you, as I hated your mother before you. Some day you will perhaps know why."

"I don't want to know. I have always felt that you hated me," said Enid, the hot color receding from her cheeks. She was one of those people on whom the consciousness of being disliked produces a chilling effect. "But I never hated you; I do not hate you now. Oh, Flossy, is there no way of setting things straight without letting anybody in?"

Florence smoured at the almost child-like appeal.

"For myself," she said, "I have a resource which will not fail me even if you do your worst. Do you think that I would ever live to bear public disgrace? Not for twenty-four hours! Remember this, Enid Vane—the day when the whole story, as we know it, comes to light will be my last. If you betray me, you will be my murderess. You will have driven me as truly as ever—as ever a cruel assassin killed your father Sydney Vane!"

With a gesture of her arm, as if to keep the girl from touching her, she swept towards the open door. Enid did not attempt to stop her. A sensation of awe, of affright even, seized her as she watched the white figure gliding steadily along the passage until the darkness hid it from her view. Then she sank down on the bed ones more, trembling and afraid. The desperate boldness which had for a long time possessed her was succeeded by a reaction of terror and fear. Was she indeed to be terrified from Flossy's hate—how save herself from Flossy's sure revenge?

As she thought of these things, she knew by certain, well-marked symptoms that one of her old attacks of almost cataleptic stupor was coming upon her. In the old days she would have succumbed to it at once. But Evandale's words rang in her ears. What had he said? He thought that she might control herself—that she might prevent these nervous seizures from overcoming her. She sat up, and by a violent effort roused herself a little. Then she tried the experiment of walking across the room to the open window, where the fresh air revived her. A glass of water, a few turns across the room, and, quite suddenly, she was once more mistress of herself. She had conquered the feeling of faintness—conquered the terrible rigidity of limb which used to attack her at these times. The recter's words had proved the tonic that her weakened nerves seemed to require. For the first time in her life she was a conqueror. There was no reason why she should not conquer again and again, until her nerves recovered their tone and the fatal tendency was overcome.

New strength came to her with this consciousness. She lighted a lamp and donned a dressing-gown; then, after a little deliberation, she went to Parker's room. She found the maid up and partially dressed. There was a scared look on the woman's face which caused Enid to suspect that her conversation with Mrs. Vane had been partially if not altogether overheard. But this Enid resolved not to seem to know.

"Parker," she said quietly, "I am thinking of going to London. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, miss, that I will—to the end of the world if you like!" was the unexpectedly fervent response.

But Enid showed no surprise.

"Can you tell me about the trains? What is the earliest?"

"There's one at six, miss; but you wouldn't start so early as that, would you!"

"The sooner the better for me, Parker. I will dress now, and call you presently to pack my bag. The boxes can be sent afterwards."

"Yes, miss."

"And, Parker, if you come with me, you must remember that you are quitting Mrs. Vane's service. She will never take you back if you leave her now."

"I wouldn't come back—not if she paid me double!" cried Parker, honest tears starting to her honest eyes. "I don't care what she does; but I'll never work for her again—not after what I have heard and seen!"

"You must not speak either to me or any one else about what you have heard or seen," said Enid gravely, "particularly in the house to which we are going. Will you remember that?"

"Oh, yes, miss—I'll not say a single word! And you have settled where to go, miss, if I may make so bold as ask?"

"I am going to my aunt—Miss Vane," said Enid briefly; and Parker retired, not daring to ask any more questions, being a little overawed by the growth of some new quality in the girl's nature—some novel development of strength and character which imposed silence on her companion in this self-enforced exile.

The dawn was breaking when Enid began to make her preparations for departure. The faint yellow light of day stole into her room when she drew back the window-curtains and stood looking—perhaps for the 1st time, she thought—upon the flower-gardens and the lawn, upon the sheet of water in the distance, the beech woods, and the distant hills—spots that she had known from childhood, and which were dearer to her now than any scene she could ever be. And yet she did not falter in her purpose. Even to herself she did not seem the same gentle submissive maiden that she had hitherto been considered. Some new strength had passed into her veins; she was eager to act as became the woman who was one day to be the wife of Maurice Evandale.

She had one task to perform that was very hard to her. She could not go without writing a farewell letter to the general, who had always been so kind and good to her. She made it as short and simple as possible, and she explained nothing. Without consulting Mr. Evandale, and perhaps her aunt Leo, of whom she was genuinely fond, she felt that she was not free to speak.

"Dearest uncle Richard," she wrote, "I think it best to go to London to day and see aunt Leo. I am taking Parker with me. Forgive me if I say that I do not think I can ever come back again. I hope you will not look on me as ungrateful for all your kindness to me. I will write again, and shall hope to see you in London. Your loving niece, "ENID."

She placed the letter in an envelope, addressed it, and left it in a conspicuous position on the dressing-table. Then she put on her hat and cloak, and called Parker whether she was ready to leave the house. The clock had struck five, and they had some distance to walk before they could reach a railway station. Parker prevailed upon her to eat and drink before they started; but the girl's appetite was small, and she left her biscuits almost untouched upon the plate.

As the two stole silently down the corridor, Enid noticed that the door of Dick's night nursery was half open. She hesitated, then, with a mute sign to Parker to go on, she entered the room and made her way to the child's bedside. Parker lingered long enough to see her kneel down beside it and lay her face for a few moments on the pillow beside the sleeping boy. She bended him very gently; and when, with a sleepy movement, he turned and put his arm around her, as if to hold her there, the tears began to fall down her pale cheeks. But she dared not stay for fear of the consequences. She rose presently, put his hand back under the coverlet, and kissed him once again.

"Dear little Dick," she murmured sorrowfully, "will you some day think that I did not love you, when you know what I have done, and what I shall have to do?"

When Enid rejoined Parker, she was pale, but calm; the tears lingered on her eyelashes but had been carefully wiped away from her cheeks. They left the house in silence by a side-door which could be easily unbolted; and for some time Parker did not venture to open her lips. Her young mistress looked like a different being with that grave determination on her face, that steady serious light in her sad but serene blue eyes.

Just when they reached the point from which the hall could last be seen Enid turned and looked at it for a moment. It was her last farewell; and the thoughts and memories that stole into her face as she gazed and gazed again brought the tears to Parker's eyes. The maid had taken a strong liking to Miss Enid Vane, and was ready to devote her whole strength to her service. At the same time, the thought of the revenge that Mrs. Vane might wreak upon her for this de-certion made her tremble. Parker for what should she do if her mother learned that she had once been dismissed from a situation in disgrace, or if she could not earn enough to keep her mother in the comfort to which she had grown accustomed! She was quite ready and willing to leave Mrs. Vane; but she was afraid when she considered the future; and, as she walked along the road beside her young mistress, the tears now and then brimmed over and had to be surreptitiously wiped away.

"If you are regretting what you have done, Parker," said Enid at length, "you are quite at liberty, you know, to go back to Beechfield Hall."

"Oh, no, miss—I wouldn't go back for anything! There's some things that even a servant can't bear to see going on. It's only my poor mother, miss, that I'm thinking about."

"Why?" said Enid gently—at that moment it was easy to her to sympathize with sorrow. "Is it your wages that you are thinking of? I am sure that you will not be a loser by coming with me."

"It's not the money, miss, thank you—it's—it's my character," said Parker, with a sudden gush of tears—"it's what my mother may hear of me that I care about! I wouldn't deceive you, miss, for the world! I'll tell you about it, if you'll kindly hear."

And then, as the two women walked along the lonely country road in the shining freshness of the early summer morning, Parker made her confession. She told the story of her disgrace and summary dismissal, of Mrs. Vane's apparent kindness to her, and of the way in which she had been used as a tool in the furtherance of Mrs. Vane's designs. Enid turned a shade paler as she heard of how she had been tracked, watched, spied upon; but there was no anger in her voice as she replied.

"I think we ought both to be thankful, Parker, to get away just now from Beechfield Hall. It will be better for us if we never see Mrs. Vane again. I do not think that she will hurt you, however, or tell your story to your mother. She will have other things to think about just now."

Parker wondered vaguely what those other things were; but she did not say a word. For a minute or two Enid also was silent, and thought of Flossy. What was she doing? Of what was she thinking now?

As a matter of fact, Flossy was at that moment just awakening to a sick shuddering consciousness of what had happened. She had gone to her room and fallen to the floor in a death-like swoon. When she was able to move, she crept to the bell and rang again and again for Parker. But Parker of course did not come; and little by little Mrs. Vane became aware that she was deserted, that Enid and her maid had left the house, and that, for all she knew, instant ruin and disgrace hung like an inevitable fate above her head.

When Enid spoke, it was in kindly tones.

"You must forget the past and start afresh, Parker. We all have to do that, you know, Mr. Evandale says. We will make a new beginning."

"I have often thought, miss, that I should like to tell Mr. Evandale all about it, and hear what he would say."

"You shall do so, Parker. We shall see Mr. Evandale in London very likely." Enid paused a little, and then said, in her even, serious voice, "I will tell you what I have told to no one else, Parker, because you have trusted me—I am going to marry Mr. Evandale."

"Are you, miss? I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it! We all thought, miss, that it was Mr. Lepel."

"No; I shall never marry Mr. Lepel."

"Is it a secret, miss?" said Parker.

"Until Mr. Evandale comes back from Yorkshire—that is all. After that we will have no more concealments of any kind. I think," said Enid softly but serious-ly—"I think that perfect truth is the most beautiful thing in the whole world!"

(To be Continued.)

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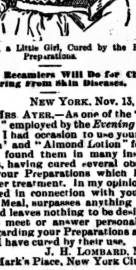

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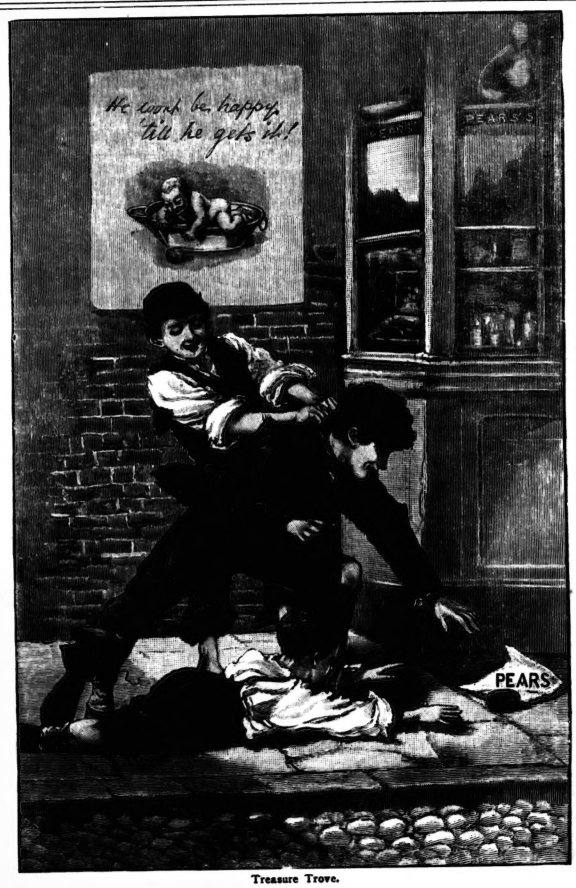

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Reading for Pleasure.

In reading the recently published letters of Edward Fitzgerald, we cannot fail to be struck with the amount of unmixed pleasure he derived from his books, merely because he approached them with such instinctive honesty and singleness of purpose. He was perfectly frank in his satisfaction, and he was wholly innocent of any didactic tendency. Those subjects which he confessed he enjoyed because he only partly understood them, "just as the old women love sermons," he refrained from interpreting to his friends; those "large, still books," like Clarissa Harlowe, for which he shared all Tennyson's enthusiasm, he forbore to urge upon less leisurely readers. And what a world of meaning in that single line, "For human delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Scott!" For human delight! The words sound like a caress; a whole sunny vista opens before us; idleness and pleasure lure us gently on; a warm and mellow atmosphere surrounds us; we are invited, not driven, to be happy. I cannot but compare Fitzgerald reading Scott, "for human delight," in the quiet winter evenings, with a very charming old gentleman whom I recently saw working conscientiously—so I thought—through Tolstoi's Peace and War. He shaked a little when he spoke to me, and held up the book for inspection. "My daughter-in-law sent it to me," he explained resignedly, "and said I must be sure and read it. But,"—this with a sudden sense of gratitude and deliverance—"I thank Heaven! one volume was lost on the way." Now we have Mr. Andrew Lang's word for it that the Englishmen of to-day, "those poor Islanders," indeed, are better acquainted with Anna Karenina than with The Fortunes of Nigel, and we cannot well doubt the assertion in view of the too manifest regret with which it is uttered. But then nobody reads The Fortunes of Nigel because he has been told to read it, nor because his neighbors are reading it, nor because he wants to say that he has read it. The hundred and one excellent reasons for becoming acquainted with Tolstoi or Iosen resolve themselves into a single motive when we turn to Scott. It is "for human delight" or nothing. And if, even to children, this joy has grown somewhat tasteless of late years, I fear the reason lies in their lack of healthy unconsciousness. They are taught so much they did not use to know about the correct standing of authors, they are so elaborately directed in their recreations well as in their studies, that the old simple charm of self forgetful absorption in a book seems well nigh lost to them. It is not very encouraging to see a bright little girl of ten making believe she enjoys Miss Austen's novels, and to hear her mother's complacent comments thereon, when we realize now exclusively the fine, thin perfection of Miss Austen's work appeals to the mature observation of men and women, and how utterly out of harmony it must be with the crude judgment and expansive ideality of a child. I am willing to believe that these abnormally clever little people, who read grown-up books so conspicuously in public, love their Shakespeares, and their Grecian histories, and their Idyls of the King. I have seen literature of the delicately elusive order, like The Marble Faun, and Elsie Venner, and Lucia, devoured with a wistful eagerness that plainly revealed the awakened imagination responding with quick delight to the sweet and subtle charm of mystery. But I am impelled to doubt the attractiveness of Thackeray to the youthful mind, even when I have just been assured that Henry Esmond is "a lovely story;" and I am still more skeptical as to Miss Austen's marvelous hair-strokes conveying any meaning at all to the untrained faculties of a child. Can it be that our boys and girls have learned from Emerson and Carlyle not to wish to be amused? Or is genuine amusement so rare that, like Mr. Payn's young friend, they have grown reconciled to a pretended sensation, and strive dutifully to make the most of it? Alas! such pretenses are not always the facile things they seem, and if a book is ever to become a friend to either young or old, it must be treated with that simple integrity on which all lasting amity is built. "Read, not to contradict and confute," says Lord Bacon, "not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse," and, in delicate irony of this advice, we deprive the satisfaction of the philosopher in having deprived the mass of mankind of the only motives which prompt them to read at all—*Atlantic Monthly.*

As will be seen from the advertisement, the Sons of England in Toronto are determined to make the coming 24th of May a red letter day in their history. No efforts have been spared to make their grand concert an artistic success. An excellent array of talent has been secured. The decorations will not be the least attractive feature of the entertainment. Miss Marjorie Campbell and party and the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke will be among the guests of the committee. The full programme will be published in a few days.

The Study of Faces.

A man's character is best shown by his actions—by his daily life; we learn what he is by what he does. It was possible for Professor Owen to reconstruct the extinct dinornis from a single bone, but we are convinced that the ablest expert cannot decipher the complete nature of any of his fellow-men by studying his features. Yet Lavater's embryonic science has always had an attraction for the curious, and a considerable literature has sprung up around the Swiss pastor's fantastic theory. In Beckford's Vathek it is one of the punishments of the damned that they have a window in their breasts, through which their burning hearts are visible; but living men, at least, have no windows in their faces! Perhaps, after all, it is as well that it should be so; or the unhappy possessors of immoral countenances would be allowed no opportunity of retrieving the wrong done to them by nature; they would be ostracized almost from their birth; their own mothers would shun them! It has always seemed to us a like consequence of a system of physiognomies, if once established, that all the world would take to wearing masks. For how many of us would care to expose our tell-tale features to scientific examination? From this point of view it would seem fortunate that no rapid advance in a system of physiognomies is ever likely to be made. The truth is, the number of students must always be exceedingly limited, since Lavater lays it down as a law that "the entrance of the sanctuary of physiognomy must be closed," not only against all who appear before it with a perverse heart, squinting eye, a mishapen forehead, and a distorted mouth—of whom, let us hope, there are but few—but against all who have not the advantage of a good figure and a handsome countenance. This is hard upon the scientific student, who, as a rule, is seldom as dight or an Antinous. But if such a one should be found, it would still "be useless for him to approach the aforesaid sanctuary without a prodigious copiousness of language." Whether Volapuk would answer the latter definition we do not know; but, all things considered we think it is probable that "the sanctuary of physiognomy" will very seldom be invaded, and that the science will long remain as inchoate and imperfect as we now find it. It would seem to be a tolerable, valid objection to its acceptance than no two human faces are alike, and that it is impossible, therefore, to lay down canons of interpretation which shall apply correctly to every one. Again, nothing is more certain than that the individual character is very often exactly the opposite of what, from the individual physiognomy, we might suppose it to be. We might expect a poet's face to be of ideal beauty; yet Shelley had a turn up nose, and Wordsworth the countenance of a respectable grazier. Artists should surely be as handsome as their finest conceptions; but go to a Royal Academy dinner, and own to the blankest disappointment! That there is something in the general expression of the face may be conceded, since a man's life and character will gradually make themselves felt externally; but when we are told that a long upper lip is characteristic of an orator, we smile incredulously, because orators are few and long-lipped persons are many. One might as well say that an overhanging brow is characteristic of a great novelist, because it was so conspicuous a feature of Sir Walter Scott's countenance, or that Byronic curls are the credentials of a great poet. Gall somewhere says that a protruding prominent eye is the special sign for a faculty of language. We have met with persons thus unpleasantly distinguished who have found a difficulty in mastering their own. A narrow forehead indicates, it is said, voracity, slovenliness and refractoriness. Well, a narrow forehead certainly detracts from the beauty of the face, but surely it does not entail upon its possessor such a heritage of evil qualities! Even the eyes—certainly the most eloquent and expressive of our features—afford no sure guide for the physiognomist. There is no indication of character in shape, size or color. Large eyes, according to Leigh Hunt, are the finest of all, when they have "the internal look"—a look which he does not define; but he adds that little eyes are made for laughing, and in this there is consolation. Longfellow dislikes an eye that "twinkles like a star." He thinks those only are beautiful which, like the planets, "have a steady, lambent light; all luminous, not sparkling." Well we can but repeat our conviction that the "science of faces" is, as at present defined, a delusion and a snare, while admitting that there are faces we instinctively love and faces we instinctively dislike, though, perhaps, neither our likes nor dislikes could be explained on scientific principles.—*The London Evening Standard.*

The concert in aid of the Trinity College Glee Club, next Wednesday, promises to be an excellent one. Miss Nora Clench, the violinist, will be the star, and will be well supported by local artists.

Fun in a Photograph Gallery.

"There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer," said a well-known artist. "A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each.

"'Do you want a sitting?' I asked.

"'I don't see nothin' like what I want,' he replied.

"I told him if he would indicate what he wanted that I might arrange it.

"'I don't know as you kin,' he said, 'for I don't see nothin' here at all like what I want.'

"I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me.

"'You see, it's like this,' he began. 'I had a girl that I loved and we was goin' to git hitched up. She had her things made up and we was all but ready when she was taken down sick and kept puny like till she died. And what I wanted was a picture of me settin' on her grave weepin'.

"I was touched at the homely story of grief and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired.

"'It's some distance out,' he said. 'It's over in Michigan and takes two days to git to it. I reckon it' ud cost er pile to send over your fix-in's for what I want.'

"I said it would.

"'I thought,' he answered, 'that mebbe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I could weep on it and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep enywhere.'

"Poor devil! I had a mind to do it, but the ludicrousness of the thing kept me from it. As he went out he said he 'would look around' and see what he could find."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The Luck he Had.

"Well," said the merchant to the young clerk whom he had sent out collecting, "did you have any luck?"

"Some."

"I suppose you got the amount Mr. Fatherington owes. You said he was a personal friend of yours."

"No, I didn't get the money; the fact is, I don't exactly know what to make of my experience there."

"How was it?"

"I went in and said: 'Mr. Fatherington, I called to speak about a matter—' I didn't get any further when he put in with: 'That's all right, my boy; she is yours; take her and be happy!'"—*Washington Post.*

Comforting the Donkey.

It is related of one of the children of a certain public man that while staying in his country residence the little one was looking out of a window wishing that her papa were there, when one of the donkeys came up to the house and dolefully brayed.

The child, on hearing the cry, wiped a few tears from her own eyes, and then called to the donkey, saying:

"Never mind. Don't be lonesome; for papa will be home on Saturday evening."

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May 17—"Russian Political Exiles."
(Illustrated by Stereopticon Views.)
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All seats reserved. Tickets 50c. each.
Plan opens at Nordheimer's on the 19th inst.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 14

In aid of the Trinity Cricket Club.

MISS NORA CLENCH, Violinist; MISS MORGAN, MISS MAUD GILMOUR, Soprano; MISS CHISHOLM (Guelph), Contralto; DR. CRAWFORD SCADDING, MR. J. G. CARTER TROOP, and the TRINITY GLEE CLUB.

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Doors open at 7 30 p.m. Commence at 8 o'clock.
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Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist; Mr. James Johnston, Scottish tenor; Mr. James Fax, comedian; Mr. W. J. McNally, accompanist. Dr. Daniel Clark, president, in the chair. Conductor, A. T. Cringan. Secretary, A. W. Smith.

All seats reserved. One price, 25c. Plan open at Nordheimers' Music Rooms. Doors open at 7.30. Programme commences at 8 o'clock prompt

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and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FORBES—At Toronto, on April 24, Mrs. J. C. Forbes—a son.
PALFRAMAN—At Quebec, on April 29, Mrs. W. L. Palframan—a daughter.
MACLEAN—At Marshville, on May 2, Mrs. A. B. Maclean—a son.
GILLESPIE—At Victoria, V. I., on April 14, Mrs. George Gillespie—a son.
HOGG—At Toronto, on April 30, Mrs. William Hogg—a son.
ROSS—At Newmarket, on April 23, Mrs. C. G. Ross—a daughter.
CASSIDY—At Toronto, on May 7, Mrs. J. F. Cassidy—a son.
DUNCAN—At Coldwater, Manitoba, on April 29, Mrs. William Duncan—a daughter.

Marriages.

PHILIPS—AGAR—At Woodbridge, on April 30, Jesse E. Philips to Margaret J. Agar.
MACAULAY—HOLLIDAY—At Guelph, on April 30, Herbert Robertson Macaulay to Agnes Isabella Holliday.
PATTERSON—ST. LEGER—At West Toronto Junction, Mr. R. Patterson to Miss St. Leger.
CROSBY—NEWTON—At Boston, on April 23, William H. Crosby to Emma C. Newton.
HENDERSON—BROWN—At Ottawa, on April 30, George Frederick Henderson to Margaret Eglington Brown.
JACKSON—GOULDING—At Downsview, on April 30, A. Fred Jackson to Ella Maud Goulding.
NEWSOME—PEARS—At Toronto, on May 1, William H. Newsome to Nellie Pears
SORLEY—ROSS—At Toronto, on April 30, William Francis Sorley to Marion P. Ross.
GREENLEES—LILLIE—At Lowville, on April 30, F. W. Greenlees to Mary Ann Lillie.
MACMILLAN—ROSS—At Clinton, on May 6, Rev. Alexander MacMillan to Winnie Ross.
HUGHES—CROCKALL—At Victoria, B.C., Captain Patrick Donahoe Hughes to Gertrude Crockall.

Deaths.

JOHNSON—At 324 Centre street, Chicago, on April 29, Harold, son of James B. and Polly Johnson, aged 4 years.
NOTMAN—At Toronto, on May 2, John C. Notman, aged 61 years.
KENNEDY—At Toronto, on May 4, William Kennedy, aged 43 years.
HEWARD—At Toronto, on May 3, William Beverley Heward, aged 75 years.
KIDD—At Sioux City, Iowa, on May 3, Joseph Kidd.
O'CONNOR—At Maidstone Cross, Essex County, on May 4, Rev. Father John O'Connor, aged 38 years.
KIRKPATRICK—At Toronto, on May 2, infant daughter of A. M. M. Kirkpatrick.
MURRAY—At Toronto, on May 1, only son of James and Eva Murray.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on May 3, Mrs. R. H. Young.
COWLS—At Paris, on May 2, Mrs. Eleanor Goldring Cowls.
MUSSEN—At Toronto, on May 5, Mrs. Lucy Crawford Mussen, aged 86 years.
LEE—At Toronto, on May 5, Mrs J R. Lee.
HOWARD—At Toronto, on May 6, Mrs. W. J. Howard.
BRODIE—At Guelph, on May 2, Nellie Brodie.
BESSEY—At Lanark, on April 30, Mrs W. N. Bessey.
DAVISON—At Unionville, on May 3, Mrs. Mary Davison, aged 18 years.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on May 6, infant son of C. H. Stanley Clarke.
NICHOLS—At Bowmanville, on April 28, Mrs. Harriet Lee Nichols.
McCLEARY—At Toronto, on May 6, Mrs. Henrietta McCleary, aged 74 years.
PHILLIPS—At Toronto, on May 6, James Phillips, aged 60 years.
MacCOLLA—At Toronto, on May 2, Amelia A. MacColla.
McLENNAN—At Port Finlay, Algoma District, on April 4, Mrs. Malcolm McLennan.
LITTLE—At Toronto, on May 1, Mrs. S. Little, aged 66 years.
BADGEROW—At Malvern, on April 30, Lafayette Badgerow.
MACKENZIE—At Toronto, on May 7, Albert Edward Mackenzie, aged 27 years.
MANDEVILLE—At Wellington, Ont., on May 3, Edmund William Mandeville.
STEWART—At Toronto, on May 7, John Stewart, aged 73 years.
HALL—At Port Hope, on May 6, Joseph G. Hall, aged 46 years.
CHRISTIAN—At Toronto, Mrs Mary Ann Christian.

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Ladies' One Button Tweed Coats, with loose fronts, closing out at $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50.

Ladies' Black Cloth and Jersey Coats, all sizes, stylishly trimmed, at from $1.75 each.

Ladies' Jetted Collarettes, from 50c. to $5. Jetted Visites from $2.25 to $8.50. Ladies' Jetted Dolmans, from $3.50 to $20.

All Silk Collarettes and Visites, new and very stylish goods, special low prices, $5.75, $6.50, $7.50, $10, $15 and $20 each.

Silk Embroidered and Jetted Shawls, new and very fashionable, at from $1.25 each.

Children's and Misses' Coats in fifty different styles, all sizes, at from $1.25 to $6.

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I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in "vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft re-"press,"
(So pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."
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